MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &C.

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Editorial.

VENTILATION OF HOUSES.

The old gamekeeper uttered a homely but wholesome truth when he said: "It's indoors as kills half the people. There ain't nothing like fresh air. I'm in the woods all day, so I gets the fresh air, and the fresh air is the life."

Few can spend their days in the woods as did the gamekeeper. An indoor life is the fate of a majority of men and nearly all women, but fortunately there is no necessity for half of them being killed in consequence. If they can't go out to inhale the fresh air of field and forest, then the fresh air must be brought indoors, for that life and health depend upon the quality of the air we breathe there can be no question. With every inspiration we make the air is deprived of a portion of its oxygen, (about 5 per cent) the vitalizing principle. Air once breathed, therefore, has less vital power. It is not only deteriorated in this respect, but is positively vitiated by the carbonic acid (4 to 5 per cent) with which it is mixed in passing through the lungs. This gas is food for plants, but death to animals, It is the same gas which is generated by having charcoal in a confined room, and which has caused the death of so many persons. If the atmosphere of a room contains 2 per cent of carbonic acid, it will cause stupor and death in a few hours. In less quantity, such as one often finds in a close room with a few persons in it, and more frequently in a crowded school or church, it occasions dullness, headache and prostration. No chemical tests are required to ascertain whether the air of a room is pure. The flushed faces and dull eyes tell the story.

Another cause of the impurity of the air in our houses is the consumption of oxygen by stoves and lamps. Our fathers heated their rooms with open fire-places, and lighted them with tallow dips. The former carried all the carbonic acid, generated by the combustion of the wood and tallow, up chimney, and gave the best kind of ventilation to their houses. Indeed, the tallow dip generated as little gas as it did light; but with our modern kerosene lamps or gas burners for light, and close stoves or furnaces for heat, the amount of carbonic gas generated is fearfully large, and unless some means are adopted for its removal and the introduction of fresh air, must undermine the health of all who breathe it. The furnace may be furnished with tubes for the introduction of outdoor air into its air chamber, but by contact with hot iron it parts with some of its oxygen, and is damaged for respiration Every one can satisfy himself of the truth of this by standing over a furnace register and breathing the hot air as it comes up. It is suffocating and unsatisfactory. When mingled with the air of a room it is more tolerable, but the whole must be more or less impure.

Still another cause for the impurity of the air in a close room is the waste animal matter which is constantly being discharged from the body of even healthy persons through the lungs and pores of the skin. This passes off in insensible vapor, and in ordinary circumstances is not noticed by the occupants of the room, but if a person comes in from fresh out-door air, he is very apt to perceive it, and feel a little disgust if not nausea. It is always more or less perceptible in going into a small close bedroom that has been occupied during the night by one or more persons. The greater the number of occupants the greater the amount of this dead animal matter which must be as contaminating to healthy persons as are rotten apples to sound fruit. Old persons throw off more of this decayed animal substance than do the young and vigorous, but at all ages more or less escapes from the body, and must poison the air of a room unless good ventilation is provided. In case of fevers and other inflammatory diseases the amount of this waste matter is fearfully large, and must breed sickness and death unless special pains are taken to have a constant supply of fresh air.

In farm houses, certainly in those in the cellars of which are stored large quantities of vegetables, the air is polluted more or less by decaying vegetation. It is not necessary that the cabbages, turnips and potatoes should be manifestly rotten in order to vitiate the air of a house. When piled together, as they usually are in a cellar, there must be more or less fermentation, and this implies incipient decomposition. The family breathing this contaminated air day after day may be so accustomed to it as not to be aware of its presence, but strangers perceive it instantly. As spring approaches and vegetables sprout in the cellar, the air of a farmhouse often becomes intolerable to delicate olfactory nerves. There can be no growth of new shoots without corresponding decay of the old tubers, and the decay of vegetation is as productive of disease as is the decay of animal matter.

Not to speak of sinks, cesspools, and other causes of contaminated air in and around houses, the question recurs: How can good ventilation be secured? If a house has a chimney built from the cellar bottom, as every chimney should be, this is the natural outlet for all impurities. During cold weather when fires are necessary, there must be a strong draft of hot air up the chimneys and every occupied room, either living or sleeping, should be furnished with a register opening into the chimney, the size depending upon the size of the room and the number of occupants. If only one register is used, it should be near the floor, for carbonic acid and other foul air is heavier than the pure article, and tends to settle at the bottom of the room. Through this register there will be a constant draft up chimney, and it can thus be made to take the place of the fire-places of our fathers.

An escape valve is not all that is necessary to secure good ventilation. "Fresh air is life," says the gamekeeper, and special provision must be made for its admission. In many houses enough enters through the crevices and cracks to produce a constant change, but otherwise a tube with a valve at its mouth and a register in the floor to regulate the amount, should conduct air from out doors into the living and sleeping rooms.

The cellar is one of the most important parts of the house to be ventilated, and the part which is most frequently neglected. The foul air is not likely to be generated. Few cellars smell as sweet as they should. With a damp, musty hole under the house, we must expect impure air to be disseminated through all the premises. A constant change of air in the cellar can be effected by putting a register into the chimney in case one comes to the cellar floor. If not, one or more tubes should conduct the cellar air to the roof.

GARDENING IN MARCH.

Active preparations for out door work are now in order. Hot beds are now in full blast, and will require a good deal of work whenever the weather is mild enough to admit of such operations.

The directions contained in nearly all books and nursery men's catalogues, etc., for making hot beds advise using altogether too much manure for heat, and also direct that the bed should be raised above the level of the adjoining ground; beds built in this way need much more water and air than when built in a pit with less heat. If the planks for the frame were put in order last November, as advised in the *Ploughman*, there will be no trouble now in digging out the pit and placing in it any amount of heat and loam required. For hardy plants, such as cabbage and lettuce, which will now require transplanting, very little heat is required; about six to eight inches covered with six inches of loam is plenty. For the more tender tomatos, egg plants, peppers and cucumbers, the bed should have ten or twelve inches only of manure covered with six inches of loam. Whenever the surface soil of the beds looks dry, it will be advisable to water thoroughly on some pleasant afternoon.

Much of the hot bed glass will be out of use for the early cabbage and lettuce the latter part of this month, and lettuce will be sold early in April from other beds. This glass is sometimes used to place over tomato plants at the second transplanting, or if not wanted for this purpose can be devoted to cucumbers. The cucumber seed is started two or three weeks before the time when the glass will be ready, and the plants transplanted in hills of four plants each when they have three or four rough leaves. This system of transplanting is also available for melons and summer squashes later in the season when these plants are set out of doors.

About the last week of March it is common to take the glass off the cabbage and field lettuce plants and leave them exposed to the weather, unless very cold or snowy, in which case they are covered with shutters. Plants thus hardened off go to the field hardy and suffer less check in transplanting than when taken directly from under glass. Marketing of celery and stored spinach is generally finished this month, and it gives place to lettuce, parsley and radishes from the hot beds. Horse radish and other roots with cabbages, squashes and onions make up the load.

Sometimes the season is early enough to admit of out-door work being done the latter part of the month; there is nothing gained however by trying to plough too early, but land that had a good coat of manure ploughed under in the fall will often work several days earlier than if not treated in this way. And such hardy seeds as radishes, spinach, onions and beets will do better to go into the ground as soon as it is mellow enough to work fine.

Celery seed is usually sown in a mild hot-bed about the last of the month for early crop, that is to be sold in September. This seed is rather hard to bring up, as it will not bear deep covering; and if the surface becomes dry as deep as the seed it will not germinate; too frequent watering is not only very troublesome but crusts the surface of the bed. It is better to mulch the surface with a piece of burlap bagging which should be removed as soon as the plants begin to come up to prevent their being drawn. The manure required for out door planting should be worked over repeatedly, so as to require a shovel to handle it when ready for the field.

On stormy days the men are kept busy with making mats and preparing potatoes for planting. Get everything ready beforehand that can be done before the ground opens, as then the time will be much more valuable.

GRAFTING WAX.

There are always a number of people who want grafting wax at a time when it ought to be ready without having to look after it. A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune* recommends a mixture which is always ready if a little good alcohol be on hand to dilute it occasionally. It spreads like honey or butter with a spatula or brush. A film hardens on the surface which prevents the escape of the deluine from beneath, and keeps it soft and adherent for a long time. Melt slowly one pound good pale rosin, then take off the stove and add one ounce beef tallow and one tablespoonful oil of turpentine (or less will do if the rosin contains much), stir, cool a little, then gradually add five ounces of strong alcohol. Keep in a corked bottle.

☞ Many little farms well tilled, with many industrious, sober farmers to till them, constitutes the highest degree of agricultural prosperity. The greater the number of persons who own land in any community, the more interest they will take in its improvement. People who rent land as a rule care nothing for the soil they work further than what it will yield them; but a man who owns wants to see its fertility and productive capacity kept up, not alone for his own, but for his children's benefit, who I will inherit it after him.—*California Paper.*

Questions & Answers.

"PLEURO-PNEUMONIA."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

There has been considerable said of late in regard to pleuro-pneumonia, a disease, with which cattle in some portions of the country, are reported to be at present infected. Your article in last week's *Ploughman* on this subject, gave us some interesting statements, as to its origin, etc., but failed to instruct us about the symptoms and the treatment of the disease. I should be pleased to have you do so in the next *Ploughman*.

Very respectfully yours, N. L. S.

East Rochester, N. H., Feb. 24, 1879.

The symptoms of pleuro-pneumonia are briefly and well described in "Agriculture of Massachusetts, by C. L. Flint, 1860." "The symptoms of the disease are such as we meet in pleuro-pneumonia in general. Hair rough and staring, frequent shivering, cough, grunting, and other indications of pain, quick pulse, sometimes drooling, and more or less dyspnœa, according to the extent of the disease and the existence of effusion in the plural cavities." In the report of the Cattle Commissioners in 1865, in a case in which the disease was communicated by contact with a diseased animal, we find the following: "The symptoms were, almost constant coughing, (a suppressed sore cough) eyes dull, head depressed, loss of appetite, great prostration," and we will add a quick pulse, sometimes reaching one hundred per minute, also increased respiration. *Treatment.*—The only safe treatment is the pole axe. Kill the whole herd; bury the sick, and sell the healthy beef for what it will bring in the market.—[ED.

"WHAT AILS THE COW?"

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a native cow, four years old; comes in April 14th. She breathes like a hog snoring. She was affected last spring and she grows weaker. I have doctored for coryza and bronchitis. By informing me what you think is the trouble, and remedy, through the *Ploughman*, you will greatly oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Bellingham, Feb. 24, 1879.

It is impossible to form an opinion, without a careful examination, as there are so many forms of disease which cause a difficulty in breathing. We suspect that in this case, as the animal "grows weaker," that tubercular disease is the cause. If it is, we cannot recommend any treatment, for the reasons, that the disease is incurable, that the offspring almost invariably inherit it from the dam, and lastly, if the milk is not injurious, (we believe it is) anyone who should see the condition of the organs, would become non-consumers of milk, drawn from cows affected with tubercular disease.—[ED.

RHEUMATISM AMONG THE FOWLS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I wish you would inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman* in regard to the disease that a gang took of mine that is affected with. The symptoms are, The bird, when it walks, appears to be very weak in the legs; he acts as if he is walking on needles; he lifts his feet as high as his beak when he walks; he has a very good appetite. He is a last spring's chicken. I have done the best I could to cure him, but have not helped him any. You will confer a favor on me if you will inform me as to what disease he has, if it is contagious, and whether there is any remedy to cure him.

Yours respectfully, J. W. F.

Worcester, Feb. 27, 1879.

The bird has the rheumatism. Soak his feet and legs up to the knees in water, as warm as your hand can comfortably bear, morning and night, and keep him in a warm, dry place. Feed cooked meat once a day.—[ED.

HEN MANURE—YOUNG TURKEYS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please inform me through the columns of the *Ploughman*, whether hen manure is valuable for grass land? Should it be used alone or with some other article? Also what food is best for young turkeys? and oblige, Truly yours, S.

Milton, Mass., Feb. 25, 1879.

Hen manure is one of the most valuable of fertilizers for grass lands, or for lawns. It should be mixed and finely incorporated with loam in equal parts and scattered broadcast. It gives an astonishing brightness and strength to the grass.

Young turkeys thrive well on crumbled Indian meal cake. Stir up the meal with milk into a thick batter, adding a little salt, and bake in the oven.—[ED.

MANAGEMENT OF YOUNG COWS.

[Corr. Rural New Yorker.]

On some accounts it is probably better that cows should be fed and grown on the farm where they are to be kept. If brought to a strange place it takes some time for them to become wonted to the locality and to the other stock. A calf saved for a cow will be petted and humored in such a way as to be made gentle and kind to handle. It will also probably be a better feeder, and this also means a better milker also. These hearty feeders should be allowed to breed early, so as to determine the flow of vigor to the milk glands as early as possible, and thus increase their size. After having one calf, the heifer may be fed liberally to keep up the flow of milk as long as possible, and also to increase the size of the cow. If the heifer is of a good milking strain, she will, with such treatment, make a superior cow, and in any event, this management will bring out the best results of which she is capable.

Variety of food is especially important for milch cows. It insures heavy eaters and a good digestion. Cows that have been trained to eat any and everything edible are much surer to be profitable; because they thus eat more than they could of a single article, no matter how rich or palatable it may be. One of the best cows I ever knew, was grown on the farm where she always lived, and never lost the liking for sour milk which she acquired while a calf, fed from the pail. This liking for sour milk is often a valuable point in a cow at times when there is no other way to dispose of the surplus. It used to be thought hard usage to keep cows in the early settlement of the country on "browse"—the buds and tender twigs of fallen trees. But cows so fed had always a little hay, some corn stubble, a few nubbins of corn and the waste from the kitchen. In this way the great variety of food they received was much more favorable to health and a large production of milk, than forced feeding on one or two articles of food. High feeding is profitable for fattening animals; for with these, impairment of the constitution is thought to be of less importance, as they are to be killed so soon. But in feeding cows, and especially young cows, to induce a large secretion, the high feeding should include a great variety of articles, and thus induce a habit of hearty appetite which will continue through life.

Correspondence.

BASKET WILLOW CULTURE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

A subscriber of the *Ploughman* sent me two copies (April 20 and May 11, 1878), asking me what I thought of the paragraphs on "Willow Culture," and as there are many of your readers who want to know more about Willow Culture, I send you my experience.

First, I was rocked in a willow cradle, and ever since that time have worked among willow (about forty years.) Now, sir, the writer of the paragraph of April 20, said you can sell willow in New York for $150 per ton. That is about right. Next, he said this country imports from France and Germany six million dollars worth yearly, and was on the increase. That is all right for anything I know. And at the conclusion, he said this country ought to supply the world with willow at $50 per ton, and make more money by the operation than we make on either wheat, corn or cotton. I do not know what is made on wheat, corn or cotton; but I do know that you cannot grow willow and prepare it for market for $50 per ton, for it will cost you $60 per ton to take off the bark, under the present arrangement.

To grow willow for profit you must grow them on good land; any land that will grow good grass (if not too high.) Many people will tell you how meadow land that is no good for anything else, will do for willow. If you have meadow land and want to plant willow on it, cover it with four to six inches of gravel and then you may get a crop; without the gravel they will not do well on meadow land. Willow, like any other crop, must be taken care of if you want to make it profitable, and you must get the right kind of plants and plant them as follows: Rows eighteen inches apart and twelve inches apart in the rows; keep them clean for the first two or three years, and after that time you will not have much trouble with them. If you can put on manure it will pay you. Plant them as soon in the spring as you can plough the land.

Now we come to the harvesting of them. They should be cut in March or April, if you have a pit to put them in; if not, cut them as soon in the spring as the bark is loose. About the first of May is the time to take off the bark; this must be done in two or three weeks, or you will lose them; this is an important time of the year to willow growers. Sometimes you can sell the crop as it stands, (green); if so, it is worth from $60 to $100 per acre. I think a crop of six tons (green) a good crop and worth $100. Respectfully yours,

WILLOW CRADLE.

March 1st, 1879.

"THE SOILING SYSTEM."

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman.

Having read a report of Mr. Cheever's remarks on "Soiling," before the Medway and Holliston Farmers' Club, it has occurred to me, that while near Boston, where dairy products may command high prices, his method of feeding cows may pay, yet in Vermont, I do not think it would. Mr. Cheever keeps twenty-seven cattle on twenty-five acres; but what hinders his doubling the number of cattle, if he buys grain to keep them on? It is very well known, that if you feed cows meal enough, they need but little fodder. Mr. Cheever feeds two quarts of Indian meal, four quarts of bran, and two quarts of cotton seed meal, to each cow daily. As well as I can calculate the expense of this feed, it would be over $30 to each cow per annum. If the forage of each cow costs as much as the meal and bran—the cost of keeping per cow would be over $60 per annum. Add to this, hired help, wages, interest and taxes on the property, and the practical question is, can a man make his living, (saying nothing of paying for a farm) under this system of keeping cattle? Does Mr. Cheever derive any income from his farm? or is it self-supporting? If Mr. Cheever had no other means of support than his income from his farm—would he farm in the same style he does now? His address is remarkably free from figures, showing cost, gain or loss, and yet the figures are the very things we wish to see. If such farming pays, and can be made to appear—there evidently will be many imitators of Mr. Cheever's method.

Z. J.

East Hubbardston, Vt., Feb. 24, 1879.

The Horse.

FORM IN THE TROTTER.

[Turf, Field and Farm.]

Form is of more importance than mere action. The car-horse is able to fold the knee, but you cannot train him to get over the ground rapidly or to last through a race of broken heats. He bends the knee but cannot reach and gather quickly, is overtopped with weight, and therefore falls in a struggle which is decided by speed and courage; and the cause of failure is lack of form. One of the best writers on the horse has furnished us with rules for the selection of a thoroughbred. We are advised to choose an animal with a deep and wide back and loin; with a chest to "afford sufficient room for the heart and lungs," but not too wide, for "an open bosom is regarded as a sure sign of want of pace;" "the back ribs should be long, or, as such a formation is generally called, 'deep,' so as not only to give protection to the contents of the belly, but to afford a strong attachment to the muscles which connect the chest to the hips;" the ribs "must be set wide apart, and not huddled up together;" "for fast road work where the failure of the legs is generally the limit to the amount of work, a very heavy carcass is an objection, as it increases the weight upon them; and an over topped horse—that is, one with a body too big for his legs is a most worthless brute;" a projecting neck, moderately long and proportionately thin, wide jaws, and intelligent head, broad above the eyes, thin nostrils, which should open under exercise and show the red lining membrane; shoulders obliquely placed and broad blade, well clothed with muscles; long thighs approaching almost to the proportions of the greyhound; necks full size and clean, and all the points proportion to one another. The authority from which we have condensed these points is "Stonehenge." The fastest trotter in the world to-day, Edwin Forrest, comes up to the standard named by the English critic. He has none of the characteristics of the cart-horse, and all of the points of the substantial thoroughbred. Maud S., the great four-year old, also has the form of a thoroughbred. The prepotent blood in both is that of the running horse. Without form neither would have shown so much speed as to attract public attention. The trotting elements in the pedigree of each have, with the assistance of toe-weights, simply given a new impulse to speed. They have influenced the motion, the folding of the knee and the action of the stifle, and thus enabled the two to startle the country with their deeds. If a sire of a cart like form and excessive knee-action is so strongly prepotent as to stamp both his form and his action upon his progeny, you may keep breeding him from now until doomsday without getting a trotter of more than average merit. Admit that he simply reproduces himself and allow no margin for improvement. Edwin Forrest, like Maud S., is wonderfully speedy as a trotter, because he has the speedy formation of the thoroughbred, without which formation he would be merely commonplace, in spite of the trotting elements in his ancestral tree. Toe-weights, with brains behind them, have in recent years, played an important part in the development of the trotting horse. Take an animal in which the thoroughbred triumphs over the "Cannuck" at the rate of seven to, two and put him in the hands of a Gilden who understands the use of weights and he will make a trotter of him, not able merely to go the distance, but to do his miles in the quickest time. The horses which win the majority of hard-fought races in these days of progress possess not only the form, but a large percentage of the blood of the English racer.

TAKE CARE OF HORSES.

The Illinois Humane Society, through an appeal issued by their committee, make the following suggestions, which owners of horses will serve their own interests by attending to.

1. Shoes.—If horses are sharp shod in icy weather they will pull larger loads to greater advantage; it is poor economy to neglect the proper shoeing of horses, which may thus be seriously injured.

2d. Blankets, etc.—Horses should be protected by blankets or waterproof coverers from rain or snow, while standing. The cost of a blanket is very small, and its use would repay the outlay many times. Any woolen or other protection placed under the pad or saddle, and extending back over the hips, will be found very useful, as protecting a weak part of the animal.

3. Clipping.—The clipping of horses at this season is considered to be, at least imprudent, and by this society inhumane; owners are respectfully urged to allow the animals to retain the covering which nature has provided.

4. Check-reins.—Work horses, if at all, should be checked very low; they can thus pull to greater advantage, protect their eyes from rain or snow, and are less liable to stumble or injure themselves. It will be noticed that the city railway companies have largely abandoned the use of check-reins.

5. Bits.—It is prudent to warm with the hands, or otherwise, bits before placing them in the horses' mouths.

The Sheepfold.

VITALITY OF THE ACARUS OF COMMON SCAB OF SHEEP.

[Live Stock Journal.]

Some months ago, a question was put to us as to how long the scab insect would live apart from the body of the sheep. We have recently had an opportunity of putting this to the test, and accordingly kept the wool with scabs, acari, and their eggs for three weeks in a paper envelop, exposed, at times, to a freezing temperature, and then deposited them on the skin, in different parts of the body, of a fine-wooled sheep. They did not even produce a temporary irritation of the skin. We must conclude that all the live acari had been destroyed, and it would even seem as if the eggs had perished also. It remains for the same to be put to the test during the heats of summer, when, in all probability, the parasites and their eggs will enjoy a greater vitality. Their death by the three weeks' exposure in winter would point to this season as an especially suitable one for their destruction in infested flocks.

SALICYLIC ACID IN ARTHRITIS OF LAMBS.

In the course of an article which appeared in the *Deutsche Landwirthschaftliche Presse*, Herr Tornwaldt strongly recommended salicylic acid as possessing an almost specific action in the paralysis of lambs from two to six weeks old, so frequently met with. Whether the attack be due to cold, malnutrition, or individual predisposition, the symptoms of the disease are much about the same—consisting in lameness, swelling and stiffness of the joints, especially of the knee and hip, retracted belly, loss of appetite, and strong fever succeeded by colic cramps. Endless remedies have been tried, among which flowers of sulphur, Epsom salts, castor oil, sulphide of antimony, cod liver oil, iodine ointments, and strychnine, figure conspicuously; but none have been found of much effect. Having frequently observed the beneficial action of salicylic acid in cases of rheumatic arthritis among men, Herr Tornwaldt was induced to give it a trial on his lame lambs. Its success exceeded his highest expectation, more especially in cases where the disease had been detected at the outset, and the animal promptly submitted to treatment. Cases of longer standing than a week are less amenable to the action of the medicine, but even here very good results have been obtained. As regards the form of administration, Herr Tornwaldt perpares a solution of one part of salicylic acid in two hundred parts of spirits of wine and one hundred parts of water, and gives a spoonful of this as a dose every two hours. Repeated small quantities act better than one large dose. An improvement is often noted within the first twenty-four hours, and in the vast majority of cases a cure is effected by the third or fourth day at the latest.—*Exchange.*

ANGORA GOATS.

[From the San Francisco Alta.]

The breeding of the Angora goat for its fleece is a failure in California, where it has now been tried twenty years, as in Kentucky and Georgia for thirty years; and in France for half a century. In five years after the Merino sheep had been brought to California for wool growing purposes, the first importer had made a fortune, and wool had become a prominent article of exportation. In twenty years the Angora goat wool has not been able to obtain a mention in the ordinary annual summaries of exports. The men who have goats for sale at high prices tell about shipments of Angora wool, but the records of the commercial newspapers know nothing of them, and the large shippers of wool and the annual wool circulars take no account of them. So far as we are able to learn no herd of goats in this State yields enough wool to pay the interest on their cost and the expense of keeping them; and every person prominent as the owner of them looks for his main profits not to his wool clip, but to the purchasers of his bucks by ignorant and deceived customers. The production of Angora wool may ultimately be a success in California; hitherto it has been a most complete failure as a source of profit to those who made the venture. It is reported that there are 50,000 high-grade goats in the State.

☞ Dwarf trees may be grown in the garden and afford a fair amount of choice fruit, while their cultivation will afford much pleasure; but for fruit in quantities plant standards in the orchard. Set dwarfs eight or ten feet apart. The variety is bewildering. For one dwarf tree, the "Duchesse d'Angouleme."

☞ Farmers are like fowls; neither will get full crops without industry.

OUR COUNTRY ROADS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The subject of the following letter addressed to the local authorities of a surburban district, is of such general interest, I thought you might think it worth printing in the *Ploughman*. The cost is based upon very favorable conditions and a very *short haul*. I should think an *average* cost would be twenty or twenty-five per cent higher.

Yours respectfully, H. P. K.

Boston, Feb. 25, 1879.

The Letter.

In offering the following suggestions regarding our management of roads, I wish first to say that I do not intend to reflect at all upon the past management. I have the highest respect and regard for the persons upon whom the responsibility has rested, but I think there exists a want of a thorough knowledge of the subject, both in us and in them. I suppose that we will all admit, in a general way, the importance of having good roads. Every one who walks, or drives, or rides, feels the difference between a good and a bad one, every time he goes out, but few people realize the want of economy there is in unwise expenditure and poor management. I think this is clearly the case with us, as I propose to show.

In the first place, I wish to call your attention to the money we have spent upon our roads during the last few years. I take from the Town Reports the following figures:

We have expended upon the highways during the years

1871	$19,956.99
1872	11,480.30
1873	39,940.19
1874	15,0[illegible]7.26
1875	10,858.85
1876	14,117.63
1877	20,922.37

Total in seven years.....$142,983.59, or a sum of $16,140.51 per year.

I think I can show that, by a judicious use of this money, we should have, to-day over twenty miles of the best roads in the country, over which we could walk, or drive, or haul heavily loaded teams, smoothly, at all times, when the ground was not covered with snow.

I do not think this is the case now for half a mile on any road in town during the wet weather in Spring, when the frost is coming out of the ground. Naturally, we ask why this is the case when we have spent so much money, and have entire confidence in the integrity of our officers.

I think the reason is that we have neither sought for nor applied scientific knowledge to the construction of our roads. Without that scientific knowledge, and a thorough training, a man can no more build a good permanent road than he can build an arch, or a house or a railroad, or make a horse-shoe, or manage a quarry, or a farm, or a carpenter's shop.

I will now call your attention to the way in which the best roads in the country have been made, and the expense of making them. At my request, a civil engineer of high character and experience, who has built these roads in Orange County, New Jersey, kindly prepared for me the following statement of mode of construction, and cost of permanently good roads, to be built here which would afterwards require but small outlay to keep in order, and, with proper care, would last for years.

"The road-bed is to be excavated, graded, leveled, and compactly rolled to the width of nine feet on each side of the centre line of the street, and to a depth of twelve inches below the established grade, in such manner that the road-bed shall have a convexity of five inches in said centre line, and of 0 inches at a point nine feet distant therefrom, and on each side thereof—from the last mentioned point falling regularly to the bottom of the gutter.

"On the road-bed, so formed, a 'bottom course' of stone blocks is to be carefully laid by hand, in the form of a close solid pavement six inches deep. Such blocks being set on their broadest edges, and running lengthwise across the street, the breadth of the upper side of said blocks not exceeding six inches, nor less than four inches in any case. All interstices to be filled with stone chips, firmly wedged by hand, and driven down solid with a hammer. All inequalities or projections to be broken off, so that the surface shall be smooth and level as well as close and solid. Upon this 'bottom course' is to be laid a 'second course' of broken stone to the depth of three inches. Such broken stone shall be of the average size of one and one-half inches in diameter, and none shall exceed two inches in the greatest diameter. This second course is to be repeatedly and thoroughly rolled until solid.

"Then an 'upper layer' of finely broken stone shall be spread over the whole surface, to the depth of at least three inches, being leveled so as to conform accurately to the aforesaid grade line or lines, and having the aforesaid convexity from the gutter to the centre. A sufficient quantity of still more finely broken stone, or 'stone dust,' shall be used as a top-dressing, in order to make the entire surface smooth and compact. The surface must now be rolled thoroughly and repeatedly, and until it shall be approved by the Committee on Streets and Highways, as being solid and smooth. The whole work, when completed, shall be of the total depth of twelve inches. The roller to be used in the above-mentioned work, shall be not less than fifteen tons in weight.

"All stone shall be exclusively of rock, the hardest attainable, and, in regard to size and quality, shall conform, strictly, to the sample deposited in the office of said Street Commissioner. The Orange County roads are twenty feet wide. Such a road as I now describe, eighteen feet wide and one mile long, can be built for four thousand two hundred dollars a mile."

This question interests us all, as we all have to use the roads, and, directly or indirectly, to pay for them. We should also remember that good roads rapidly increase the value of all property in the neighborhood. To look at it, in an economical point of view, it is estimated, by experts, that at least thirty per cent. of draught-power is saved in hauling over a road of this character, in comparison with the ordinary country road, in good condition, in dry weather. The saving of wear and tear of vehicles, of all descriptions, is also an item of no small value.

In considering this question, I am inclined to think that our wisest course for the future would be to place the whole matter of the construction of, and expenditure upon roads, in the hands of a Committee of three; one to be elected for five years, one for three years, and one for two years, with general instructions to rebuild our roads upon the principles here suggested, as rapidly as the same average appropriation of the last few years will allow. This will give us probably at least two miles a year of fine roads, and leave enough money to keep the others in good condition. In ten years, we should have to show, for our investment, the best roads in the State, with the smallest appropriation necessary for the care of them.

You will see that, upon the estimate of the cost of the permanent road, our expenditure of the last seven years would already have given us twenty-six miles of roads in perfect order. Yours respectfully,

Milton, Feb. 1, 1879.

THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

Visit to Amherst by the Committees on Agriculture, Education and Military Affairs—Statements by President Clark of the College's Claims on the State.

[Boston Daily Advertiser.]

Friday forenoon, Feb. 28, the legislative committees on agriculture, education and military affairs went to the State Agricultural College at Amherst. The party numbered forty-three after leaving Worcester. It left Boston at half-past eight in a special car; reached Amherst on special train from Palmer, and was received by President Clark and Professor Stockbridge and carried at once in sleighs to the botanic museum. Before reaching Amherst, while on the train at Barrett's junction, the company organized by the choice of Senator Stockwell of Worcester (Chairman of the Committee on Agriculture) as Chairman; Mr. Crowell of Amherst (House Chairman of the Education Committee) as Vice-Chairman, and Mr. Thayer of Boston, House Chairman of the committee on military affairs, as Secretary.

After the company was seated in the lecture-room of the museum President Clark gave a statement of the condition of the college. He said he had no axe to grind. His connection with the college will cease May 1, and he wants to see it in good condition. The first point he made was that the college is as much a state institution as any of the normal schools, prisons, or the State House itself. He cited the act of Congress in 1862 by which it agreed to give 30,000 acres of public lands to each member of Congress, to be used for education in agriculture. The corporators of the college were chosen because of their fitness, not from personal interest. The State accepted the provisions of the act of Congress, and hence bound itself to abide by them.

President Clark took up the complaint that there is a military department, showed that it was obligatory on the College, and is eminently successful. He cited the provisions of the charter, by which it appears that the word "agriculture" is found in the document only once, and the institution was not intended for an agricultural college only, but for agriculture and the mechanic arts and for industrial training. He reviewed his experience in Japan, and showed that the same plan tried here works admirably there, where there is no limitation as to funds. The presidents and four professors in the Japan college are graduates of the Massachusetts college. In reply to the remarks of Mr. Frank Bird in his pamphlet, that people think that the college must have state aid "forever," he read from the charter in which the word "forever" is used. The governor is *ex officio* a member of the board of trustees, and so is the Secretary of the State Board of Education; and other facts were cited to maintain the position that the college is a State institution. It will take about $30,000 a year to keep that institution in good condition. A great deal of work is laid out for the different departments, and the college should have an assured income. It has never been known what sum could be relied on for farming from one year to another. There has been no satisfaction in the work because it has been so uncertain. A fair experimental station and model farm cannot be maintained without an assured income. The plan of the college is what it is by virtue of the act of the legislature. It is not the act of the trustees nor the plan of the professors. The governor and council have authority to exercise control over the college and do so. The vote by which Amherst put $75,000 into the college was given as proof that there was a contract on the part of the State which must be performed. After an examination conducted in 1871 by Mr. Joseph White, then Secretary of the State Board of Education, he said that the college could not be cut down to a mere school. And he recommended that a system of permanent income be adopted. That was just before the hard times began. Owing to that cause the number of students fell off till this year only six graduated. Last June the trustees authorized the offer of free tuition, and inquiries were received from 400 young men. The finest class of young men to be seen in any agricultural college is now to be found here,—100 strong. The college dormitories can accommodate over 100 men, and there are accommodations in the recitation-rooms for 200. Of the 637 students who have been in college, 365 could not afford to graduate. They come to study agriculture, and have nearly all gone away and engaged in agriculture. The opponents of the college do not give it credit for that. The State has never appropriated any money distinctly for the agricultural experimental station.

Inquiry was made as to Professor Stockbridge's operations with the Stockbridge fertilizer, and the statement made that his experiments with that fertilizer were made on his own land and in his own time. The fact that money has been made out of it he regarded as precisely analogous to the frequent facts that professors of other colleges make money out of books they have written.

President Clark stated that the desideratum was an assured income of $25,000, and a provision that the professors shall not have power to contract debt. The present debt is $32,000. The college will never receive any material aid until it is taken out of the power of the legislature to interfere. The question should be taken out of politics. All the money that has been given has come from personal solicitation for special uses, except what has been given by Mr. Knowlton of Upton, now a member of of the state senate.

The college should be made free to every student from Massachusetts, to place on an equal footing with other state agricultural colleges. The money now expended for agriculture in the State could be managed much more profitably than now. Every agricultural fair could be sustained; the state board could be sustained; and $10,000 a year given to the college out of the $36,000. In no way, too, can 10 per cent of the dog fund do as much good as to the college.

The party dined at the Amherst House, and in the afternoon visited the live stock department; inspected the chemical laboratory; attended a military drill of the students in the drill hall; spent an agreeable half-hour in the plant house; and returned to Boston on the last train.

The feature of the day which made it different from the old-time legislative trips to Amherst was the address of President Clark. He said he should not ask for anything, but would state the needs of the college and the position of the Commonwealth as responsible for its support, and leave the whole matter with the members of the several committees. He spoke clearly and in positive terms which he would not have used had he been hampered by the restraints of his former official position. The committee know just how the case stands.

The Apiary.

COST OF WINTERING.

[Bee-Keeper's Guide.]

Four seasons' experience with our plan of wintering enables us to give exact rules and actual cost in the place of theory and estimates. Our home apiary of 80 stocks requires two large wagon loads of sawdust, $1. Two days' work tacking bands on caps and filling, $2 50. No new cloth was needed, as the bands we used during the past three years were sufficiently strong and durable to stand another season's service. If coarse, suitable cloth is used, it will endure the wear of four winters. Weighing and feeding light stocks, two days' work, $4. By this you see that the entire expenditure of putting 80 stocks in winter quarters is $7 50, or 9 3-8 cents each.

But little attention has been paid to them since Nov. 1. They remain quietly in the hives, and very little flying has been noticed among them since that time. They appear so snug and contented in their comfortably-made homes that it is rarely necessary to disturb their quietude for the purpose of examinations. The weather during the past weeks has been severe, the thermometer indicating the intensity of the cold to be 12 degrees below zero. The wind was sharp and penetrating, and we anxiously awaited an opportunity to ascertain the condition of the hives and their inmates. A small amount of frost was found in the caps and inside the hives; the combs were barely touched by the frost, and strong stocks showed no marks of Jack's fingers. The snow had sifted in at the entrance and filled the space between the comb below and the bees, but with the first warm day the snow condensed, as did the frost, and through the screen at the bottom the water

stone, but from the large amount of smoke from the bituminous coal, and the somewhat damp, and in winter, foggy atmosphere, the brick buildings especially, have an old and dingy appearance; particularly is this true of most of the church edifices with their square towers; and while speaking of these, we may add, that the city proper has but few, especially good church edifices; it has many old looking ones, and one peculiarity of which is, some of them are surrounded by burial grounds, or church yards; often in the very heart of the city, and these are not only treeless, but without shrub or even grass, for the entire surface; at times an acre or more in extent is covered with mural slabs of stone, level with the ground; they are about three feet wide and six feet or more long, put close together, having hardly an interstice, and on these are cut the epitaphs. It would be pleasant to speak of the public buildings, museum, art gallery, etc., but the reader must depend on other works for their full description.

St. George's Hall, a collossal and most superb structure, has one of the large and fine organs of the world, and exhibitions of it are given two or three times a week for the small admission fee of a sixpence (12 cents), and at the time of our visit, there were full 1000 people present. It has a good art gallery in which are many fine paintings by the masters. Drunkenness abounds. In no place did we see an approach to it or to the number of rum-shops. A visit to the police court, and a stay of a couple of hours there exhibited more inebriation, poverty and destitution than we could imagine as existing while we simply walked through the streets of the city We were informed by the judge, that he had on his book 194 cases for trial that day, for drunkenness alone, or crimes growing immediately out of it, and that in some way all must be disposed of that day, and to-morrow was likely to be the same or much more abundant. Some cases had been before his court over sixty times, and when the number of times was called over, this being invariably the case before sentence, they ranged all the way up to more than sixty. Where these high number of cases in one individual were presented, the poor victims were immediately released, as would be so many wild animals or leper s, the kind hearted judge simply lecturing them, and expressing his sorrow for what in these years he had been compelled to witness daily. He was most humane in all his considerations, and as I could but tell him, he was a remarkable man to be able for years to be in the presence of this mass of evil and degradation and not become hardened in feeling, but retain a sympathetic yet judicious determination and manhood. *Never* did a case occur where with more propriety may the old remark be justly made, that he is of all men, "the right man in the right place." I went away somewhat sad, as I thought of the upright judge's remark and thought so innocently entertained, and far from right, that we, "intelligent Americans prohibited this evil and governed it better than did the people of England." Said he, "close up the rum shops as your people do, and my occupation would end." Alas, I meditated, would that we did thus close them, and so would most of our judges' occupation be gone. But no, here in enlightened Boston, there is church, schoolhouse and asylum; prison and station house, and thousands of vile rum holes sandwiched in between, making void the good done by the former, and furnishing inmates for the latter.

The suburbs of Liverpool are very fine and much like those of Boston. Horse cars and lines of omnibuses constantly ply between the city and around through them. Sefton Park is impressively fine in itself and in its distant rural scenery, and Toxton, or our Brookline as we would consider it, is of extreme rural beauty. The distant view of old red church tower, cathedral like and grand, on elevated ground, peering up out of shade trees that entirely obscured the other parts of the building, and even the larger portion of the village itself; the small lakes or ponds gleaming in the sun; the everywhere evidence of high civilization about us, made us feel so soon as this a longing to go on, and see more of these fine rural towns of which Liverpool, these "sweet suburban" villages of the plain, and so we were gratified, for at 2.20 P. M. Saturday, we took cars for the famed city of Chester. And who that travels has not seen this most entertaining and antique historic old place? Who is there who would risk his reputation as a person of taste and not go to CHESTER?

Not us, to be sure. Paid a fare of $1,50 each, and were on our way to this American Mecca, for as the Jews of old must go to Mt. Zion, so must the England-visiting American tourist go to Chester. First, a few words about the city itself, and here it must be said that the brain acts sluggishly, and the pen almost rebels at the thought of describing now and again, what has been spoken of so many times before, and so well too by others, but we will as best we can, do our work, and so continue by saying that we arrived after an hour and forty minutes' ride from Liverpool, and that made it 4 P. M., just three weeks from the time we had set sail from New York. Marvellously full of interest have the few weeks been, and almost incredible to us now as we look our immediate past over. This is worthy of more than a passing thought by those who think they haven't time to visit Europe. Chester is the capital of Cheshire, and is situated on the river Dee, with a population of 35,701. It was a Roman station known as Deva Castra. It is nearly surrounded by the river, and is grandly encompassed with a wall that is ancient, and having towers at special points. The wall is in perfect condition, and is the best example of a thing of the kind in England. The foundations are Roman, and parts of their work composing one particular portion as built by them is visible, and is an item of much interest. The upper portions resting on the Roman base or foundations, date from the time of Edward I, who was born at Westminster in 1239, and died 1307, and so the wall as now seen is something more than 539 years old. It is from 5 feet to 8 feet thick at the top, and varying in thickness at the bottom according to its height, which of course follows, or is determined by the irregular surface of the land it stands on. The space they enclose is a parallelogram, planned like all Roman camps, with a gate or entrance in the middle of each of the four sides, the main streets later meeting at the center of the town.

There are at stated interva's steps or stone stairs leading up to the walk at the top of the wall, and this is a common thoroughfare or promenade for the public, and more especially for the stranger, as from its winding lines at this elevation, a large portion of the entire place is seen, and the view of the outside scenery is most enchanting. At times it is streets, and a busy population of dwellers on both sides of the walls; at others it is a noble field called *Grosvenor Park*, used as sporting grounds for the public, or as a parade for soldiers whose barracks are near. It is many acres in extent, and as a back ground, half a mile or so away, and bordering it, are the rural grounds of fine mansions, half embowered with trees, and next, as we pass around to the left, are the muddy and ill kept banks and Meadow like borders of the river Dee, and opposite this, making the other shore, is a dirty, hard looking fishing town or hamlet, with its principal street extending up from the river. This is called "Sty Lane,"—at least by some people. Here we saw from the walls where we were walking, a Hogarth like scene of dilapidated buildings, and all the needed evidences of a general poverty and destitution, and also there were the sights and sounds of a veritable drunken Saturday night row, in which women, men and children were promiscuously mingled and engaged. There was uproar, noise and fight, at their worst or best. A good specimen of a bad thing. After a sight like this, we were inclined to give Hogarth less credit as an inventor sure, than we had before done, for he, as we had done, we think must have had veritable sights worthy his pencil, and at hand, without an effort of his imagination.

Continuing our walk along to where the river runs sluggishly along side of the very walls, we pass on, extending our exquisitely delightful tramp, encircling the old town, all the time look ing down into it, occupying in all nearly an hour; having seen on our way and just inside the walls ruins of small lodges, and other similar things of great int rest, antique, lyvclad and enchanting; and on the top of the wall itself, a little round tower fifteen feet high, and on which is an inscription cut in a stone tablet, telling that from its floor, King Charles I beheld the defeat of Rowton Moor, in 1645. These walls are built of what we reddish stone, well laid in cement or white lime cement or mortar, and all has a very old and anti-quated appearance. There is a sort of breast work or parapet three feet high on each side for protection, and capped with from one to long rough cut stones. Having passed thus around, we much against our inclination went down and off the stairs and into the street, within the walls, where we will begin our examinations, but as the limits of an article are here, we wait for our next number, confessing that an early glance of the look of "setting up" this famed glorious old city, has about vanished, and that those first and ever varying charms are in a measure back. As we have thus far written we have meditated and lived over again the enjoyable things to be seen and had, nowhere but in Chester. So marked was this early impression, of peculiar interest and novelty, and so fully was it satisfying to our anticipations that when we finally left the city, we could not help feeling as did some of old when they said,—with the change of but one word,—" If I ever forget thee O Chester, may my right hand forget her cunning."

Depend upon it, we were not the first Americans who thought and felt thus, and not one who has ever seen Chester will or can forget her. We were for the moment the last there, but only the last for that day or hour; thousands have followed, and will, down through the coming generations.

The cry once was, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians." We ejaculate "Great is Chester of the Britons."

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAR. 8, 1879.

The President's Proclamation, convening Congress in extraordinary session on the 18th inst., only prolongs the interest felt in the proceedings at Washington. How long the session will be depends altogether on how much is attempted.

The creditors of the American Print Works at Fall River have agreed to an extension.

The first meeting of the new Board of Directors of the Bennington Battle Monument Association was held at the State House on Tuesday, by invitation of Gov. Talbot. It was recommended by vote that the sum of $45,000 be raised by the States for the object proposed by the Association.

The Committee on Railroads at the State House gave a continued hearing, Tuesday morning, on the proposed bill relative to the transportation of milk. Prof. Graves explained to the Committee on Education the system of instruction at the State Agricultural College.

The Paige trial in this city discloses a deliberate and barefaced attempt to swindle unsuspecting creditors out of a large sum of money.

Another call of bonds has been made by the Secretary of the Treasury, amounting to ten millions.

The Boston delegates to the national butter, cheese and egg convention arrived at Chicago Wednesday noon, having been delayed several hours on the Grand Trunk road. About two hundred delegates from various cities in the country were present at the opening session of the convention Wednesday.

All the annual appropriation bills except the Legislative, Executive and Judicial bill and the Army bill, were passed and signed by the President. A message vetoing the River and Harbor Appropriation bill was said to have been prepared by the Executive, but his signature was finally secured.

Charles P. Stickney, one of the Fall River defaulters, has been sentenced to five years in the State Prison, one day solitary—the full penalty of the law.

The annual meeting of the Union Pacific Railway stockholders was held in this city Wednesday. From the report of the Directors it appears that the net income the past year foots up the snug little sum of $7,931,672.

Our Government, in view of the virulent and contagious character of the Russian plague, has taken wise precautions against the introduction of the disease in this country. Hereafter, until further orders, vessels arriving in American waters from any port of the Black Sea, the Sea of Azof, the Mediterranean or the Red Sea, will be subjected to a rigid examination and their cargoes will be carefully disinfected.

AFFAIRS IN EUROPE.

There is financial and political trouble in Great Britain over the wars in Afghanistan and South Africa; there is a crisis in France over the existence of the Ministry and its control of the Chambers; the free speech question agitates Germany, in and out of the Reichstag, or national legislature; and in Russia revolution is secretly but vigorously agitated on a large scale, the Nihilists bringing matters to the point of actual bloodshed, and even spreading rumors, respecting the plague for ulterior purposes. So that one can see at a glance that nothing in Europe is settled and tranquil, but that the crust is a volcanic one on which all the leading nations tread.

The dispatches from Berlin to the London journals say that it is certain that there is unusual activity among the revolutionary classes in Russia. They are displaying incredible boldness. It was publicly posted in one of the University halls, on the day after the deed, that the Socialist party had condemned the Governor of Charkeff to death for his inhuman treatment of political prisoners, and that his assassination by the bullet was executed by a member of that party. In St. Petersburg, it is believed that the Nihilists, or the same party, are interested in spreading reports concerning the plague. A secret printing-press of theirs has been discovered, whose seizure was attended with violence and death.

In France, the Waddington Ministry is on the eve of a collapse as we write, and Gambetta is expected to become President of the Council. M. Clemenceau is reported to have succeeded Gambetta to the leadership of the Extreme Left, under whose direction, with that of Gambetta, the Ministry is alleged to rest. It is stated that Gambetta took office as President of the Chamber of Deputies on the understanding that he would not refuse to form a Cabinet, in the event of the overthrow of the Waddington Ministry. In the latter event, he would be President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is far from an easy task to explain the details of French politics at the present moment, even if they are understood.

In the legislature of Germany, Bismarck has stated that what is called the Discipline bill was intended to increase the dignity of that body by strengthening the authority of its President, and to hinder the propagation of exciting Socialist speeches. It is to be regarded, he said, as a means of suppressing further socialist agitation, and not at all as an interference with the rights of the parliament. The dangers of Socialism are not so far removed as to render it possible to dispense with ulterior measures. The debate on the bill is yet going on, its object being to punish members of the legislature for any alleged abuse of free speaking.

CONGRESS.

The Forty-fifth Congress expired by law on Tuesday, at 12 M. The members of both branches manifested great weariness in consequence of protracted night-and-day sessions, which practically formed a continuous session from Friday of last week. The scenes were more or less those of confusion, as they usually are at the close of a session but there was a marked absence of boisterousness and passion. The last Congress went out peacefully, and some two hundred members return home to stay. Owing to the fact that two of the most important Appropriation Bills failed in consequence of a disagreement of the two Houses, an extra session becomes necessary, which the President has promptly called by proclamation. It is to meet on Tuesday, March 18th, just two weeks after adjournment. The bills referred to are the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Appropriation bill and the Army Appropriation bill. Others likewise failed, but these two are vital to the operation of the Government and an extra session is therefore unavoidable. Among these defeated, or unsuccessful bills are the one to regulate inter-State commerce, the Steamboat bill, the Geneva Award bill, the bill to establish postal savings banks, the bill to repeal the Specie Resumption act, the bill granting pensions to the survivors the Mexican war, the Sugar bill, the bill to restrict Chinese immigration, the proposition to transfer the Indian Bureau to the War Department, the Mississippi Levee bill, the bill to regulate the transportation of animals by railroads, the Army Reorganization bill, and the bill authorizing railroads to construct and maintain lines of telegraph for commercial purposes.

THE LEGISLATURE.

Petitions have been presented in both Houses during the week, and some interesting and important reports have been brought in. The committee reports are especially numerous. Among them is one in the Senate to create a State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity. It abolishes the State Board of Health, the Board of State Charities, the Board of Trustees of the State Reform School and the State Industrial School, the Board of Inspectors of the State Primary School, the State Almshouse, and the State Workhouse, with the advisory boards of women to the Inspectors of the State Almshouse and of the State Primary School, and to the Trustees of the State Reform School and the Visiting Agency, and creates a State Board of Health, Lunacy and Charity, which is to consist of nine persons, to be appointed by the Governor and Council, and to hold office for five years. Orders were adopted allowing certain committees a longer time to report. It was reported inexpedient to abolish the Governor's council. Also, leave to withdraw on the petition for further protection of wives. The House committee on Railroads reported it inexpedient to fix by law the rate of fare for passengers on railroads at a sum not exceeding three cents a mile. The bill to preserve the purity of elections was engrossed. The bill to incorporate the Subterranean Cable Company of Boston was ordered to a third reading. A resolution was adopted concerning the establishment of a National Bureau of Labor. The report was accepted by the House, inexpedient to legislate on an order relative to limiting the rate of interest of money. A report was presented embodying a bill in relation to the municipal courts of Boston, and fixing the salaries of their several officers.

BEECHER ON FARMING.

Beecher says that farming is not the simple thing it has been represented to be. It is a combination of manufactures and trade. It represents much more nearly the manufacturing of chemicals than any other thing; you have the laboratory and material in the soil, and you have so to use them as to get out given products. And then it becomes a commercial operation; because, when you have got up your goods, you must go into market with them, and the condition of the market determines what condition of goods you shall get up. It is a double process of manufacturing and merchandising, and it requires a peculiar skill that belongs to both avocations in order to succeed. He thinks in our older States it takes fully as much brains to be a successful farmer, as it does to make a competent merchant. So he concludes that farming is pretty serious business. It is all very well to talk about sending men out to work on the farm. Now what is called the allotment system, or spade husbandry, in England has been successful, and if you take the population from the large manufacturing towns, and give them an acre or less apiece, they could support their families even if they did not grow rich; but give them fifty acres, and they will be poor all their lifetime. Spade husbandry in England has proved very successful; we can learn a lesson from it.

TREE PLANTING.

OFFICE OF MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE,
5 PEMBERTON SQUARE, BOSTON, March, 1879.

The attention of Massachusetts land owners is called to the following State law, passed by the Legislature of 1879, and entitled

"An Act concerning Plantations of Timber Trees and the Tax thereon. All plantations of timber trees in this Commonwealth, upon land (not at the time of said planting woodland or sprout land, and not having been such within five years previously), the actual value of which at the time of planting does not exceed fifteen dollars per acre of any of the following kinds, to-wit, chestnut, hickory, white ash, white oak, sugar maple, European larch and white pine, in no uber not less than two thousand trees to the acre, shall, together with the land upon which the same are situated, be exempt from taxation for a period of ten years from and after said trees shall have grown in height four feet on the average, subsequently to such planting; provided that said exemption shall not extend beyond such time as said land shall be devoted exclusively to the growth of said trees; and provided, further, that the owner of such plantations shall appear before the board of the assessors in the towns where the same are located and prove to the satisfaction of such board the hereinmentioned conditions.

"Sect. 2. This act shall take effect upon its passage.

"Approved April 9, 1878."

THOMAS MOTLEY, President.
EDWARD N. PERKINS, Secretary.

Hon. Daniel Needham on "The National Outlook."—The *Boston Traveller* of Saturday last copied Col. Needham's address entire from the *Ploughman*, and commented editorially as follows: "As the title would indicate, Mr. Needham's address deals with our financial future and the questions on which our industrial and business prospects are all dependent. There is no topic of more vital importance to New England, and no man in New England, on some of its most difficult phases, certainly, is more competent to discuss it than our able State Bank Examiner. Especially valuable are his views and suggestions on the savings banks system, which he justly classes 'among the important aids in the development of our New England prosperity.' His suggestion of returning to the old system of discounting touches a point of practical concern to every banking house and every merchant. Indeed, the address throughout is as strong a contribution to the current discussions of finance and business problems as any that has come to our notice. We trans fer it to our columns therefore, in the confident expectation that every banker and man of business will thank us for giving it as wide a circulation as possible. It deserves to be read in all banking and counting rooms in the country."

Fish Culturist's Meeting.—The annual meeting of the American Fish Cultural Association was held last week in New York. President Roosevelt, in calling the meeting to order, referred to the advance the science of fish culture had made during the last year, much of the credit of which was due to the efforts of the association. He also spoke of the confusion which was continually occurring in consequence of the different names given to the same fish in various parts of the country, and recommended some action on the part of the association which would gradually insure a uniform nomenclature. Papers were read by A. B. Sprout, on Culture of Trout in Streams; T. Clapham, on Feeding Trout; Trout Culture, by H. D. McGovern; Fish-ways, by T. Clapham; Game Laws, by Chas. Hallock; Whitebait, by E. G. Blackford; Trout in Soft and Hard Water, by J. Annin; Lobster Fishing, by S. M. Johnson; Stocking Streams with Fish Food, by Seth Green; Reproduction of Eels, by president Roosevelt, and Aquaria by Fred. Mather. It was decided to hold the annual meeting hereafter late in March or early in April, instead of in February. The following officers were elected:

President—Hon ROBT. B. ROOSEVELT.
Vice-President—Geo. S. Page,
Treasurer—E. G. Blackford.
Corresponding Secretary—B. Philips.
Recording Secretary—J. Annin, Jr.
Executive Committee—B. L. Hewit, G. B. Goode, S. Willmot, T. Gill, T. B. Ferguson, and B. West.

NEW SEEDLING POTATOES.—We call the attention of Farmers and Gardeners to the new seedlings, advertised in our columns; the result we are informed of several years of patient experiment by Hon. R. P. Clark, of Derry, N. H. In addition to the well known reputation of Mr. Clark as one of the most successful farmers in New Hampshire, we have the full endorsement of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, as also that of the Committee of Agriculture at Washington, as to the great value of these new seedlings. The specimens shown us are very fine, and fully indicate all that is said of them. Beside the luxury of a first rate early potato, of large yield, there is the other great advantage which will be fully appreciated—that of two or three weeks shorter campaign against the vicious Potato-Bug.

The reduction of the tobacco tax made by Congress goes into effect May 1st.

—The Paran Stevens will hearing has been indefinitely postponed.

READ AND RUN.

—The stories from Russia respecting the plague are too contradictory to be believed anywhere. Germany declines to accept them as reliable so far.

—The closing of the last session of the forty-fifth Congress interested the general public more than any other part of it did.

—The salo of the Atlantic Delaine Mills, near Providence, was a most successful one, showing what is the tenor of opinion in manufacturing circles in that State, in reference to the future. Work will be started up at once in the mills by the new purchasers.

—The Prince Imperial, who would be Napoleon the Fourth if he could, has sailed with a force of British troops for South Africa, to take the luck of war with the natives. He is therefore fairly embarked in the world as a soldier of fortune. D ubtless he is patiently waiting for the time to come when there may be a chance for him in his native France.

—The town elections in Massachusetts generally came off last Monday, while the city elections in Maine occurred on the same day.

—The Prince of Wales is said to be pleased to make his bets in American dollars rather than in British sovereigns.

—There was hard work to be done by the Conference Committees of Congress at the end of the season, and a good deal of despair was to be seen on many a countenance.

—The proprietors of the Boston Evening *Transcript* have organized themselves into a stock company. The property, however, remains in the same hands as before.

—The creditors of M. Frank Page, now on trial for conspiracy in our courts, are said to have so far spent twenty-five thousand dollars in his prosecution.

—The Massachusetts Horticultural Society will celebrate its centennial in May.

—The execution of Devlin, for the murder of his wife, will come off in the East Cambridge jail on Friday of next week. He was convicted on the testimony of his two young children.

—The British troops have repulsed an attack by a tribe of Afghans, with great loss to the latter.

—The castle near Brussels, in which the Empress Carlotta was residing, has been burned, She escaped in safety.

—Fires in New York of late have done more in burning horses than anything else.

—The proposed conversion of the five per cent. rentes of France into four per cent. is occasioning a vast deal of trouble in politics there.

—There has been a Cabinet crisis in Spain as well as in France.

—William Howitt, the venerable English author, died at Rome last Sunday, having reached the age of eighty-five years.

—A medical commission has been appointed to investigate the alarming prevalence of diphtheria in the south of Russia.

—The Berlin correspondent of the London Telegraph hears, upon excellent authority, that it is certain Russia will keep the peace during the next two years, although warlike inclinations are manifested by the Imperial circle.

—There is no immediate prospect of any change in the regulations of the British authorities respecting the importation of American cattle.

—The Chinese are hanging out their lanterns for joy at the President's veto.

—Mrs. Belle Lockwood was on Monday admitted to all the rights and privileges of a counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States.

—The mystery of the Lynn murder has not yet been unraveled by the police.

—The building record in New York for February was an encouraging one.

—A gas company in Fall River has failed said to be the first case of the kind known.

—Christine Nilsson, the singer, is said to be pining for a return to the stage of song. Her husband insists on her leading a private life, being able from his legitimate business to support them both.

—The famous Brinley collection of books on American History have been up for sale in New York during the past week.

—"Porte Crayon," of West Virginia, well known to the readers of Harper's Magazine, has been appointed by the President Consul-General of Mexico.

—The Empress of Austria, with a large suit and stud, has gone to Ireland to enjoy the pleasure of fox-hunting.

—George B. Holmes, for almost fifty years treasurer of the Phœnix Foundry, of Providence, has just died, at the age of eighty-five.

—The proposed elevated railway company has been vigorously fought on several sides, before the legislative committee.

—Even the cooks of France are said to be going over to the republic.

—Jefferson's home, at Monticello, is to be sold at auction on the 20th inst.

—Pinafore is playing at three theatres in this city during the present week.

—London Judy says that upholsterers are generally chair-or-table people.

—A man at the top of Trinity Church steeple, in New York, claims to have very high-church views.

—The latest French fashion is said to be for ladies to take tea in bonnet and gloves, and without cloak or jacket.

—Simon Cameron is eighty years old to-day, Saturday.

—Hon. Richard Frothingham, of this city, who has been so ill with pneumonia is on the mending order.

—The Census bill was passed by Congress, and now the President should lose no time in appointing a Superintendent of the Census.

—Hostilities are reported between Chili and Peru.

—The war eagle of Wisconsin was to leave his place in the Old South this week for home

—The recent session of the Maine Legislature cost the State about seventy-five thousand dollars.

—Mrs. Patience Alluro, of Foster, R. I., has just died at the age of 102 years. She had lived on the same farm seventy-five years.

—The affairs of the American Print Works in Fall River are progressing encouragingly.

—A New York policeman has found his mother, after she had thought him dead for twenty-seven years.

—Wild cats are reported so plentiful this winter in Tremont, Me., that they have been shot in the village dooryards.

—Archbishop Purcell's indebtedness in Cincinnati is estimated to foot up fully six millions.

—Mr. G. W. Childs, proprietor of the Philadelphia Ledger, is said to have bought a controlling interest in the New York World.

—The estimates of the pork-packing business in thirteen States of the West give not less than one hog to be eaten by every six persons in the country.

—A firm in Augusta, Me., is reported to have received an order for seven hundred cradles, but whether domestic or agricultural is not stated.

—Ten millions of dollars are wanted from the British tax-payers in order to punish properly the dastardly Zulus.

—The tenth annual report of the Railroad Commissioners, which was presented to the Massachusetts House of Representatives on Tuesday, contains facts, figures and suggestions of much more than ordinary interest to the people.

—Mr. G. Clinton Gardner, General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is to be the new Manager of the Hoosac Tunnel and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad in April.

—Rev. Dr. Daryea, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has received an urgeut call to the Central Church of this city.

—The town treasurer of Candia, N. H., was gagged and bound by burglars on Tuesday morning early, and the house robbed of thirty-seven hundred dollars.

—Prof. John Fiske of Harvard is to deliver a course of six lectures on American History, on Monday afternoons, beginning next Monday, in aid of the Old South fund.

—The valuable law library of the late Francis Hilliard, of Worcester, was sold at auction in this city last Tuesday.

—The inventor of gossamer rubber cloth, Mr. John Haskins, died at South Framingham last Sunday.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.—Vitalized Phosphates composed of the nerve giving principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. Physicians have prescribed 150,000 packages in all forms of nervous disorders. They are especially useful in the sufferings that accompany and follow the use of alcoholic liquors; they tone the stomach and nerves, but do not stimulate and relieve the craving desire for drink. They relieve nervous headache and debility. F. Crosby, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y. For sale by druggists.

☞ During Dr. J. A. Sherman's stay in Boston he has won the highest encomiums from scores of our best citizens, whom he has relieved from the suffering and inconvenience of ruptures. His method of treatment, while totally different from common practice, is far more speedy and effectual. Dr. Sherman has devoted his life to this specialty, and the many flattering testimonials he has received bear witness to his unequal fled success in treating these dreadful maladies, and indicate his decided qualifications and his trustworthiness in dealing with such cases.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" manifest remarkable curative properties.

THE RUSSIAN PLAGUE.

WISE PRECAUTIONS BY OUR GOVERNMENT.

Vessels from the East to be Carefully Disinfected.

WASHINGTON, March 5. The following circular was issued this afternoon:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF SURGEON GENERAL
UNITED STATES MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE,
WASHINGTON, March 5.

To Officers of Customs, Revenue, Medical Officers of the Marine Hospital Service and others whom it may concern:

The act approved April 29, 1878, entitled "An act to prevent the introduction of contagious or infectious diseases into the United States," provides that no vessel coming from any foreign port or country where any contagious or infectious disease exists, nor any vessel conveying infected merchandise shall enter any port of the United States or pass the boundary line between the United States and any foreign country except in such manner as may be prescribed under said act. Attention is called to the prevalence of a dangerous epidemic disease in Southern Russia known as the plague, and its extremely virulent and contagious character as manifested in the late outbreak leaves no doubt that it is similar to, if not identical with, the plague which devastated the old world in past centuries. Because, therefore, of the danger which attaches to rags, furs, &c., as carriers of infection, the following regulations are framed under direction of the Secretary of the Treasury and subject to the approval of the President for the protection of the health of the people of the United States against the danger referred to:

Until further orders no vessel from any port of the Black Sea or Sea of Azof conveying any rags, furs, skins, hair, feathers, boxed or baled clothing or bedding, or any similar articles liable to convey infection, nor any vessel from any port of the Mediterranean or Red Seas having on board such articles coming from Southern Russia, shall enter any port of the United States until such articles have been removed from the vessel to open lighters, or to some isolated locality, and the vessel disinfected and thoroughly ventilated. The suspected articles shall be disinfected, either by chemical agents and exposure to free currents of air or by burning, as shall be determined in each case by the Surveyor General of the Marine Hospital Service. The certificate of the State or municipal quarantine officer of health may be accepted as satisfactory evidence of compliance with these regulations on the part of the vessel.

(Signed) JOHN M. WOODWORTH,
Surgeon General of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service.
(Approved) R. B. HAYES.

ADULTERATIONS AND PUBLIC HEALTH.

To the Editor of the Mass. Ploughman:—

I send you the following cut from the March number of the *Boston Journal of Chemistry:*—

PROHIBITION OF POISONOUS COLORS IN SWITZERLAND.—The authorities of Zurich have prohibited the use of all coloring matters containing compounds of lead, bismuth and mercury for coloring and staining esculents, wearing apparel, packages for chocolate, confectionery, tobacco, etc., toys, covers and cushions of childrens' carriages, carpets, curtains, window blinds, paper for wrapping up confectionery or table services. Poisonous organic matters, such as gamboge, picric and picramic acids and the aniline and phenol colors, are not to be used in coloring confectionery, wines, liquors and syrups.

Also the following from the *Brookline Chronicle* of March 1:—

Apropos of Mr. Angell's controversy with the chemists, we notice in the *London Standard* of February 4, a letter from Professor H. C. Bartlett, Ph.D., F.C.S., referring to the seventy-five serious cases of lead poisoning which occurred during the past year at the Portsmouth dockyard. In the course of his letter Professor Bartlett says:—

"My anxiety on this point is the greater because I am constantly reminded of the larger number of articles of household use which are painted or enamelled with colors made with lead paints. These are ready means of discriminating the poisonous influence. I have before me a pattern-book of American cloths which, by analysis, proves to contain 42 per cent. of lead paint. Covers for many kinds of furniture are made of these cloths, and as they wear out the coloring matter is rubbed out, forming the very dust which has proved so poisonous in our dockyards. The trade in such goods is a large one, and I have every reason to fear that the resulting injury to health may be attributed to this cause. I would suggest, with some diffidence to manufacturers, that white oxy sulphide of zinc, which is free from the dangers inherent to lead paints, may probably answer their purpose equally well."

Also the following from the *Boston Journal of Chemistry* of February 27: "A bill has been introduced into the New York senate making the selling of poisonous goods or articles a misdemeanor. * * * I am glad to add that I am receiving from eminent chemists and sanitarians in different parts of the country letters of thanks and approval. Last night I received one from a New Hampshire gentleman a letter of eight pages in regard to adulterated and po sonous articles sold in his State. Yesterday morning I received a letter from an eminent physician of New York containing this: "March No. has gone to press, containing your paper, which I am glad to have already attracted the attention of the press throughout the country." Day before yesterday I received a note from the secretary of the Michigan state board of health, containing this: "I have no doubt your valuable articles have done great good in attracting attention to subjects which are of great importance to humanity."

This morning I have a letter from the state assayer and chemist, Portland, Me., in which, after speaking of his own experience, he says: "I am glad you have taken up the subject so fearlessly, and sincerely hope that your efforts will come out of it that will be substantial and lasting." In that hope, Mr Editor, it seems to me every one can join.

GEORGE T. ANGELL.
Boston, March 3, 1879.

ABOUT JEWS.

According to the latest statistics, there are, in round numbers, 8,000,000 of Jews in the world, who are thus divided: United States, 75,263; Great Britain and Ireland, 42,000; Italy, 25,000; France, 49,439; German empire, 512,158; Netherlands, (Holland), 68,003; Austria, 1,600,000; Russia in Europe, 2,612,179; Turkey, 150,000; Roumania, 247,424; Morocco, 340,000; Denmark, Belgium, Sweden, Switzerland, Canada have comparatively few Jews—they number there from 1500 the 7000—while Asia has 2,138,000. Most persons will be surprised at the statement that there are less than 75,000 Jews in this country, which is generally supposed to contain a great many more. Some reports make the number as high as 150,000; but this is probably an exaggeration. The statistics given here are said to be as trustworthy as can be had at the present, though no published figures can be wholly depended on, as the Jews are scattered all over the globe, and in many places where such a thing as a census has never been taken. The Jewish population of the world is loosely reckoned at from 3,500,000 to 15,000,000—a very broad margin surely —but there is reason to believe that 8,000,000 is pretty near the truth. The two countries where Jews are scarcest are Spain and Scotland.

WHEN TO EAT FRUIT.—The Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." Americans do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have one of their own experience. Mostly they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more proper times. They eat it as desert at dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating the very juicy fruits, like oranges. These should be eaten in the morning, a little before dinner—not later than noon. Early in the day they will, if eaten, prove to be the best possible medicine for the bilious. —*Fruit Recorder.*

☞ Over 200 sheep have been killed by vagrant dogs during the past week in the neighborhood of Glen Cove, L. I., and the suffering farmers are about to organize a vigilance committee.

BUTTER CHEESE AND EGGS.—*Chicago, March* 5.—The sixth annual convention of the National Butter, Cheese and Egg Association met to-day. Two hundred delegates were present. The Produce Exchange in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Louisville and other cities were represented. Hon. H. D. Shuman of Iowa, was made Chairman. Thirteen States and one Territory responded to the roll call Hon. John Scott of Iowa read an able paper on "Breeds of Cattle for the Dairy." The packing and shipping of eggs was referred to a special committee.

OUR FACES.

The human face is not only "the index of the soul." Every bodily sensation leaves its indelible impress upon the features. Every human face, if studied attentively, reveals the physical and mental history of its possessor. On the crowded street of the city, what volumes of these histories are open to all who would search them! The miser with his features drawn as tightly as the mouths of his money bags; the debauchee with his sensual, semi-animal face; the young man with the future fair and broad before him, every line of his countenance revealing energy and ambition; the maiden's face bright with innocent love and hope,—each of these face-histories is as legible as the printed page before you. But there are other faces in which we may read and learn the lessons of hard, weary women, to whom living has become an irksome burden. The fatal alphabet of disease is written upon every line of their countenances. Why will these women suffer from these painful diseases and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, losing besides the charm and beauty of a bright, beautiful face, when Dr Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a sure and effectual remedy? Ladies who have used it pronounce it to be *woman's elixir of health.* Sold by druggists.

SHREWDNESS AND ABILITY.

Hop Bitters so freely advertised in all the papers, secular and religious, are having a large sale, and are supplanting all other medicines. There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of these Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability in compounding a Bitters, whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation.—*Exchange.*

BOSTON STOCK MARKET.

March 5, 1879, at 3 P. M.

As Corrected by Brewster, Bassed & Co., No. 85 Congress Street.

	Bid.	Asked.
Water Power	1 15-16	2
Boston Land	2½	3
Atch. & Topeka 1st, 7's	—	112
Do. Land grant 7's	—	112
Do. 2d 7's	113	115
Do Land 8's	—	—
Eastern R. R., 5's	—	—
Hartford & Erie 7's	30	35
Union Pacific 6's	—	—
" Land grant	—	—
" S. Fund 6's	103	104
Atchison & Topeka R. R	105	106
Boston & Albany R. R	135	—
Boston & Maine R. R	111	112
Burlington & Miss. in Neb	122	123
Chi. Bur. & Quincy R. R	115	116
Cin. San. & Cleveland	4	6
Eastern R. R	10	10
Michigan Central R. R	—	—
Old Colony R. R	100	101
Phil. Wilm. & Baltimore	64	64
Ogdensburgh & L. Champ	14	14
Calumet & Hecla	—	175
Quincy	11	—

GOVERNMENT BONDS.

	Bid.	Asked
Gold	100	—
1881's	106	106
5-20's 1865, July	—	—
5-20's 1867, July	102	102
5-20's 1868, July	102	102
10-40's Coupon	102	102
New Five's	104	104
Currency, 6's	122	122
4½'s Coupon, of 1891	105	105
4½'s Reg	104	105
4's Coupon	100	100
4's Reg	99	99

INVESTMENTS.

United States Bonds, various issues,
Coupon and Registered. **City** and **Town Bonds,** issued for strictly Municipal purposes. For sale by

BREWSTER, BASSET & CO.,
Bankers, 35 Congress Street.

☞ Chew Jackson s Best Sweet Navy Tobacco

MARRIAGES.

In Bunker Hill District, 10th ult., by Rev. D. H. Tribou, George L. Venner to Harriet E. Raymond, both of Bunker Hill District.

In Hyde Park, 15th ult., by Rev. P. B. Davis, Allen Bobie of Boston, to Jennie B. Morrison of Hyde Park.

In East Braintree, 26th ult., by Rev. Anson Titus, Jr., Thomas Lang of Boston, to Adhie Wilson of East Braintree.

In Lynn, 3d inst., by Rev. E. A. Manning, Joshua Cole of Swampscott, to Lucinda A. Baldrick of Lynn.

In Lynn, 23d ult., by Rev. E. A. Manning

THE ANTI-CHINESE BILL VETOED.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

His Objections to the Chinese Bill Stated.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, March 1, 1879.

After a very careful consideration of House bill 2233, entitled "An Act to Restrict the Immigration of Chinese to the United States," I herewith return it to the House of Representatives, in which it originated, with my objections thereto, in which it originated, with my objections to its passage. The bill as it was sent to the Senate from the House of Representatives was confined in its provisions to the object named in its title, which is that of "An act to restrict the immigration of Chinese to the United States." The only means adopted to secure the proposed object was the limitation on the number of Chinese passengers which might be brought to this country by any one vessel to fifteen, and as this number was to any one vessel to fifteen, and as this number was to any one vessel to fifteen, and as this number was to

The Poet's Corner.

LENT.

BY GEORGE HERBERT.

Welcome, deare Feast of Lent: who loves not thee
He loves not Temperance or Authorite,
But is composed of passion.
The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says *now*;
Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
To ev'ry corporation.

The humble soul compos'd of love and fear
Begins at home, and lays the burden there,
When doctrines disagree;
He sayes, in things which use hath justly got,
I am a scandall to the Church, and not
The Church is so to me.

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
To use their temperance, using no evasion
When good is seasonable;
Unless Authorite, which should increase
The obligation in us, make it lease,
And Power itself disable.

Besides the cleanuesse of sweet abstinence,
Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
A face not fearing light;
Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,
Soure exhalations and dishonest rheumes,
Revenging the delight.

Then those same pendant profits, which the spring
And Easter inritate, enlarge the thing,
And goodnesse of the deed.
Neither ought other men's abuse of lent
Spoil the good use; lest by that argument
We forfeit all our Creed.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's forti'th day;
Yet to go part of that religious way
Is better than to rest;
We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy ev'n as he."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath gone
Is much more sure to meet with Him than one
That traveleth by-wayes.
Perhaps my God, though He be farre before,
May turn and take me by the hand, and more,
May strengthen my decayes.

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
By starving sinne and taking such repast
As may our faults control;
That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
Not in his parlour; banqueting the poore,
And among those his soul.

Ladies Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

THE LOST INDIAMAN.

An Original Story.

BY "CORPORAL SQUIB."

Author of "A Trip Southward;" "Nautica Sketches;" "Corporal Squib on the Farm;" "David and I," etc.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

Tidd's last remarks needed explanation, and the Captain said that the "friends" he alluded to were not the most desirable neighbors in the world, yet no one in the settlement had ever had any trouble with them. It was a great deal better to be on friendly terms even with Indians, he said, than to have them for enemies, and after awhile he said that these friends were a party of Indians, who were in the habit of camping on the borders of the pond every summer coming in June, generally, and sometimes remaining till late in autumn. The pond was easily reached by canoes, through the little stream that led out of it into a larger one, that, by a circuitous course, found its way into the lower part of Lake Champlain. It was a good place for fishing and hunting, and that, probably, was what brought those Indians there. As they kept to themselves and molested none of the settlers, no one thought it worth while to trouble them. Indeed there was scarce a white person in the settlement but what had at some time paid them a friendly visit; led by curiosity to see real Indians, and to obtain specimens of their handiwork.

Creeler watched the thin smoke with a meditative eye while the Captain was explaining this, and finally said,

"I would like to take a look at them myself. I never saw a real Indian yet, Captain, but have always thought I would like to."

"If the Captain says so, we'll paddle over there," remarked Tidd. "I've got a canoe close by, and it won't take very long."

"You can't show them the Indians and your land, both, Andrew," said the Captain. "Thankful wants you to come home, you know, before dark."

"I think I would rather see the Indians than the land," said Creeler.

"I'd rather see the land," said Brown.

"Well, gentlemen, you must decide between yourselves," said the Captain. "There will hardly be time to look at both."

Without saying a word more, Creeler took out his knife and cut a bit of a twig into two lengths, and holding all but one end of each, held them out to Brown. "Long for Indian, short for land," said he. "Draw."

"All right," said Brown; "here's for land;" and he drew the long one. "Well, I guess I'll have to give in," he said when he saw the result. "But I never really had much of a hankering for Indians, since they scalped my grand'ther, on my mother's side."

"How did it happen?" asked Creeler.

"Well, I don't know exactly, for it was sometime before I was born; but they say the Indians got his scalp. I've always felt a little hard towards them on that account."

"Well, I don't know as you ought to, Brown. It was all in the way of business, of course."

"If we are really going over there," said the Captain, "we haven't much time to spare. It's a good two miles to that smoke; though it don't look so far from here."

Tidd at once started for his canoe, and following him, they saw a little roof, built of bark and boughs, under which he kept it. Without waiting till they came up, he drew the canoe out and raised it upon his shoulders, merely requesting the Captain to bring the paddles along, and started down to the shore. "He don't expect that we four are going in that thing, does he?" asked Creeler.

"It will carry four safely enough," was the reply. "These birches are light, but safe."

"Of course you know, Captain; but I should have my doubts, if you didn't say so."

Tidd placed his burden on the water, where it seemed to float almost as lightly as a feather. Taking a paddle from the Captain, he then stepped almost as lightly in, and sank upon his knees in the centre. The Captain followed, taking the stern, and then invited Creeler and Brown to take places, one forward and the other between himself and Tidd. "If you say it's all right—here goes!" said Creeler, getting in so clumsily as almost to upset the little craft. "It's a mighty totlish thing, though," he said, as he settled down. "I don't think it would be worth much in a heavy sea. Now, Brown, try your luck."

Brown got in with about the same success. Telling them to keep quiet, the Captain then, with a sweep of his paddle, turned the canoe in the direction they wished to go, when Tidd dipped his paddle on the opposite side, and they shot out upon the water almost as lightly and noiselessly as though they had been suspended between heaven and earth. "Well," said Creeler, after they were well out, "this is better than poling a Dutch scow through a muddy canal. It rather beats old Holland."

Both Creeler and Brown were delighted with this new mode of conveyance, and Brown confessed it was better than looking at land. The sloping shores of the little lake and the green woods looked very pretty, too, as they went skimming over the glassy water, and Creeler was so charmed that he asked the Captain if the land over on the other side was for sale. The Captain replied that any of it could be had for a reasonable price, but as the pond lay between it and the village and as there was yet no road to it, it was worth but little for improvement; though, in time, it would come to be as valuable, no doubt, as the land on the settled side of the pond.

"I never cared to be so much smoached as some do," Creeler replied. "I am not sure, in fact, but what I would rather live over there than on your side. I like an easterly slope; for it gives you the morning sun, you know,—which in this country is worth having; and then I like to have water in sight. This bit of water would be just the thing to have before one's door. One might make a very pretty farm over there, Captain."

The Captain knew that well enough, but he reminded Creeler that it was an advantage to have roads and be near to neighbors. "Oh, yes," said Creeler; "but I suppose the neighbors would come, as soon as some one had made a beginning. I would be likely to have the Indians for neighbors every summer, though, for awhile."

By this time they could see the Indian encampment, in a comparatively open space that had before been hid from view. There were something like a dozen wigwams, conical in shape, looking at that distance like so many very steep overgrown ant hills. They saw that they were observed by the inhabitants of the little village; and the Captain remarked that an Indian always knows when you are coming. In ten minutes more they had reached the shore and landed.

The village stood a little back, and only one of the men came down to meet them. The others seemed scarce to notice them now. At least a dozen more were in sight; and the faces of women and children could also be seen peering out from the lodges. The one who came forward to meet them was an old man, evidently the patriarch of the little band. The Captain knew him and called him by name. "Well, Nono, so you are back again," he said.

"Um," was the reply, as the Indian's eyes rested on the two who were strangers to him.

"These young men have never seen any of your race before," said the Captain. "The sight of your smoke led them to pay you a visit."

"Um; much smoke. Wood wet. Get dry brime by; den no smoke." That was all the welcome they got.

There was nothing attractive either in the countenance or the speech of the old man, yet Creeler regarded him intently. "So your name is Nono, is it?" he asked.

"Um; Nono," was all the reply.

"Are you a scalping Indian, Nono?" asked Creeler, lowering his voice to a sort of confidential tone.

Nono's eyes turned full upon him, with a very meaning look, but he only answered, "Um?"

"You're just the Indian I've been wanting to see," said Creeler. "I've heard tell of scalping Indians, and have always wanted to fall in with one. You haven't got an old scalp about ye, have ye, that I could look at?"

Old Nono was a little taken aback by so much audacity, and surprise could now be plainly seen in his eyes. Creeler's companions were a little amused, and there was mirth in the steady looks with which they watched the red man's face. "Um! Um! No scalp," he said. "Make him bery quick, dough;" and he looked with a sort of longing, as it seemed to the others, at Creeler's hair.

"I don't doubt but what you would like to, old chap; I don't doubt but what you would like to. It's plain to see that you've been a regular hair-dresser in your day. But seems to me that rest of your folks are a little shy of us. It isn't because it's Sunday, is it?"

Without replying, Nono turned and called, in his own tongue, to one of the others,—a young man, who now came forward. This young man was also known to the Captain and to Tidd. His name was Gunquit, and he was Nono's son. He was finely formed, and could speak English more fluently than his father. The old man evidently commissioned him, in his own tongue, to entertain their visitors; perhaps not feeling able himself to do so much talking as would be necessary.

"Glad to see Capun," said Gunquit. "Glad to see Capun's frens. What Capun want?"

"Just show us round a little, Gunquit, that's all. These young men wanted to see a real Indian village. I suppose they'd like to get a look at the squaws and papooses, too, and at some of your baskets and things."

"Course show him basket. Allurs like show basket. Like sell him, too;" and significantly that they were to follow, he turned and went down the line of the lodges.

"Oh," called Creeler, "we're not going to buy anything to-day; we only came to look, you know."

"Show him all same. Buy him when want him, s'pose."

The other men sat round the lodges, smoking their pipes, or doing nothing. Their eyes were fixed on their visitors as they approached, but not one of them moved or spoke. They were a stolid looking set, and Creeler, with all his assurance, could not help feeling that so much coolness covered a deal of cunning. Their swarthy faces, coal-black hair, and their strange, half-civilized dress made them picturesque objects to look upon. Not one of them rose, or uttered a word.

Gunquit led the way to a lodge that probably belonged to himself, and spoke to the squaw who was peering out of it. She withdrew her head, for a moment, and then reappeared with a bundle of baskets tied together with birch-bark in one hand, and some moccasins and a few other ornamented articles in the other. These she handed to Gunquit, and then she sat down in the door of the lodge. It was as plain as it could be that she had no intention of asking the visitors in, for she kept her husband's son Gunquit evidently was—in a low guttural tone,—not very musical,—though, perhaps, it might be compared to the noise made in emptying a jug, thus reminding one of laughing waters.

Gunquit displayed the baskets and other things to the best advantage, but never said one word to extol them. No doubt he would be glad to sell anything he had there, but he left it to the visitors to discover the good qualities of his wares. He sat down before his lodge, after he had spread them out, and lighted his pipe; after which he seemed to care no more about trade than a Turk. Nor half so much.

Creeler and Brown turned the articles over and praised their workmanship; but all that Gunquit said was "Um! Um!" or "Ugh! Ugh!"—varying the monosyllable at times for variety, probably. "If it wasn't Sunday," said Creeler, "perhaps I would buy something of ye; but I guess I won't to-day."

"Um!" was the reply. "Buy him when want him, s'pose;" and the Indians eyes turned languidly, as it seemed, towards Creeler's face.

Old Nono had followed them, and now he also sat down smoking in stolid silence near by. He hadn't spoken a word since he had turned the visitors over to Gunquit. He looked on, with sleepy composure, as if he had no intention of speaking again. Having looked at the goods as long as they cared to, the young men surveyed the camp for a few moments from where they were, and, giving another look at the "real Indians" they came to see, Creeler told the Captain that he needn't stay any longer on his account; and Brown signified the same.

"Well, then," said the Captain, "we will be going along. Good bye, Nono! Good bye, Gunquit! Of course you'll come and see us, and bring your baskets with you."

"Um!" said Nono. "Like nuff," said Gunquit; but neither of them rose or made any further reply. There was the same stolid silence when they left as when they came; every Indian sat motionless and speechless as they went down to the canoe; but every eye was on them. It seemed as if there was a slight grunt, coming simultaneously from a dozen gutteral throats, as Creeler again blundered in getting into the canoe; but that was the only thing in the way of adieu that came to their ears.

"Well," said Tidd to Creeler, when they were under way, "how d'ye like 'em?"

"They're a little queer," was the reply; "but I guess they'll do."

"I shouldn't want such a set hanging round my house," said Brown. "I should think, Captain, that you'd clear 'em out."

"Why, they do nobody any harm," said the Captain. "They'll not be very likely to come round after the country gets settled up. We get all our baskets of them, too; so it's rather convenient, sometimes, to have them here."

"Then I s'pose it's all right," was the reply; "but I don't think I shall ever fall in love with any of them."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The next day the Captain was ready to "talk business," as the phrase is, and he gave the day wholly to his visitors, hoping, probably, that Creeler would see sufficient inducement to settle upon some of his outlying lands. He was already sure of Brown, and his efforts were now given to securing Creeler.

Creeler, however, did not seem quite ready to buy. He professed to be well pleased with the country, but he had set out, he said, for the purpose of looking at New York State, as well as Vermont, and he would therefore take a look in that State before locating. The most that he expected to do that summer was to locate a farm, and be in readiness to commence operations on it another spring. He remained two days more with the Captain, however, finding enough to interest him on the farm during that time, and even then he seemed in no haste to go forward. It seemed to the sisters at last as if he was waiting for an opportunity to speak to Mary alone. "But he hasn't have it, Mary, if I can help it," said Martha; and after that it is not likely that Creeler would have found such an opportunity, even if he had remained a week longer.

At last he set out, though it seemed a little reluctantly, saying to the Captain that he would probably see him again, and to the sisters that he should certainly hope to have the pleasure of again meeting them. He should be tempted to visit them occasionally, he said, even should he locate elsewhere; but he thought it more than probable that he would return and settle near them. Wishing them much happiness in their new home, and thanking the Captain and his good wife for their kindness to him, and bidding a hearty good bye to all, he at last set out, with his servant Bloany, to follow the shore of Lake Champlain south-ward, and finally enter the State of New York.

When Creeler was gone, the Captain said to his wife—though not within hearing of any one else, of course—that he should think he would make an excellent match for Mary. "He is going to farming, and will need a wife," the Captain said. "He is evidently pretty well to do, too, and seems to know what he is about. And if I'm not mistaken he's rather got his eye on her. I guess he'll come back, even if he don't settle here."

Aunt Huldah was much of the same mind, "but," said she, "Mary takes the loss of Nathan Woodman too sadly to heart yet, to think of marrying any one else. She was talking with me about him yesterday, and about this Mr. Creeler, and she seems to understand that Creeler has a liking for her, and it seems to trouble her. She wouldn't be willing to marry him or any one, at present."

"Oh, well, she'll get over that, of course. You don't suppose, Huldah, that she's never going to get married? Just wait, and you'll see. I shouldn't wonder a bit if Creeler came back here and she married him."

"I don't know, Joseph; she don't seem to like him at all; but possibly she'll get over it, as you say."

It would seem that both the Captain and his wife were so favorably impressed with Creeler that they thought he would make a fitting husband for Mary. Indeed, Aunt Huldah had really said as much to Mary the day before Creeler went away, and had learned her opinion without binding him. But Aunt Huldah had too tender a regard for her neice to urge such a matter. She wanted to see her well married—well settled in life, but not with a husband whom she could not love. So when she had learned Mary's mind, she did not try in any way to change it. She told her, however, that she must not take Nathan's loss too deeply to heart, for there were other men in the world as good he had been, and she would no doubt find some one, in time, with whom she could pass her life far more pleasantly than alone. It was well, of course, to mourn a reasonable time, but it was not well for one so young to think there was no other man in the world who could make her happy.

Mary listened patiently to all her Aunt had to say, and then told her that she should always do the best she could to be cheerful, but as for marrying, it was something she could hardly endure as yet to think of. And as for Creeler, she had an aversion for him which she could not account for, and which, she was sure, would prevent her ever marrying him. Could Creeler have had the interview with Mary which he probably wished for, no doubt he would have gone away with his hope of marrying her, if he had such a hope, very nearly crushed out. So it may be that it was better for him, after all, to go away without that interview.

Even before Creeler went away, Brown had begun to clear up a tract of land that he had already bargained for with the Captain. This tract was just in the edge of the forest, about half a mile from where Tidd was living, and Brown arranged with Tidd to accommodate him and his wife until he could put up a house of his own. It was now such a busy season with all in the settlement, that the Captain thought he had better let the house go till after haying, when all hands would take hold, he said, and put him quickly under cover.

It was since late for Mary to take the summer school that season, and there was nothing that she and Martha could do, unless they should go to clearing land themselves, but assist their aunt. Of course Martha still had it in mind to buy some land; but the Captain was so very busy that she said to Mary she guessed they wouldn't do anything about it until the hurrying season was over. It might be as well to wait, and look round a little, and find out a little how land lived there at first, she said. They were not long in making the acquaintance of young Tidd and his wife, and Martha fell in love with their cosy log house at first sight. "That's just what we want, Mary," she said, when they were returning from their first visit to Thankful. "I wish I had asked her how long before Andrew intends to clear up his own land. Of course he will build a house over there, then."

To find out this was the work Andrew himself, at the first opportunity, and learned that it was his intention to commence clearing the next winter; though he would not probably remove to his own land until the second spring after.

"That's a good while to wait," said Martha to Mary when telling the result of her inquiries; "but it's such a pleasant little place, I guess if the Captain will let us have what land we want, to go with it, we can't do better than to wait and buy it."

But they said nothing about it to the Captain as yet. They went over two or three times every week, however, to visit Sarah and Thankful,—always calling their two friends by their Christian names,—and the four were about as chatty a little group when they were together, as could have been found in that settlement; notwithstanding Mary's habitual seriousness.

And so they were passing their new life very pleasantly, and somewhat more than two months had gone by, when one of those afflicting things which come with appaling suddenness and crushing force, bereft them of their newly found friend and made young Tidd a widower. One sultry afternoon a thunder storm passed over the settlement. Young Tidd was at home alone at the time, Andrew was always away during the day, at work on the farm, and Brown at his clearing. It happened on that afternoon that Mrs. Brown had taken the two children to fulfil a promise she had given them that they should accompany her to Aunt Huldah's,—as they always called Mrs. Green. The eldest of these children was a boy of five, and the youngest a girl, who was hardly yet three years of age. It was a great treat for them to go to Aunt Huldah's, and they had for sometime had this promise of going to visit her with their new aunty, as they called Mrs. Brown.

Thus it happened that there was no one in the house with Mrs. Tidd when the storm arose. It passed, like many another summer shower, leaving a trail of beauty over the earth; and yet it had carried death in its coarse. A lightning stroke had fallen upon the house, and when Mrs. Brown and the children returned, accompanied by Tidd himself, they looked in vain for the mother to come out to meet them. There was a silence about the place as they approached it that made the young husband's heart sink with fear. A long splint of wood sticking in the ground at a corner of the house caught his eyes, and, on raising them to see whence it had come, he saw the roof above it shivered and torn. "The lightning!" he gasped, letting go his little daughter's hand and rushing forward, to behold the form of his loved wife lying lifeless just within the open door.

Brown arrived almost at the same moment, and sadly did the stricken husband need his assistance; for he was so overcome, for a time, that he was almost helpless. He sat on the floor by his dead wife, with her hands in his, and his children, frightened and trembling, clinging to his side. "Oh, Brown," he moaned, "she is dead! dead!"

Brown looked a heart full of pity, but could hardly find a word of comfort for the poor fellow; for words were not his gift. All he could say was, "Well, Andrew, you must'nt feel too bad about it. Perhaps she isn't really dead." And then he and Sarah took up the still warm and limp form, and having laid it on the bed, they did what they could to bring it back to life. Andrew helped them, in the hope that she might not, after all, be dead. But all they did was of no avail, and again he sank down in despair, with those lifeless hands clasped in his. "It's of no use," he said. "She is dead! dead!"

"I'm afraid she is," said Brown, "I pity you, Andrew, from the bottom of my heart!"

"You must go right over to the Captain's, Constant, and get help," said Mrs. Brown; and, glad to escape from the presence of the bereaved husband's misery, he hurried away.

It was a blow they all felt keenly, for all had loved Thankful Tidd. Every one who could be spared from the Captain's house hurried over, to at least learn the full particulars of her sad death. It was the first death from such a cause that had ever occurred in the settlement, and as the news spread, it brought other visitors; till the little log dwelling, so lately the happy home of the loving hearts now separated by death, was surrounded and filled by a curious, staring, questioning crowd. Not till the shades of night had for hours rested on the earth, did these curious questioners all retire, and leave those who really mourned the lost one to the quiet indulgence of their grief. "Andrew," said the Captain then, approaching and taking the sorrowing husband's hand, "you and the children had better go home with me."

"Don't ask me to leave her, Captain! don't! I can't do that. Take the children, but I will stay."

"Well, well; I will take the children; but I think, Andrew, it would be better for you to go too. You must try to be resigned, Andrew, for doubtless all these things are for our good."

"It's very well to say that, Captain,—it's all very well; but—she wasn't *your* wife!" and the poor fellow uttered the last words in a hoarse whisper.

Feeling how lost would be all words of comfort to one in such a strait, the Captain went away and left him, with Mr. and Mrs. Brown and Martha to keep him company, taking the two children over to his own house.

The funeral followed in due time, and then, after it was all over, it became necessary for Tidd to make some new arrangement for the future. Those two children still held him to the affairs of life; he could not ignore their claims; indeed the intense love he had had for their mother was already transferring itself, in some measure, to them. The neighbors had been on the very point of coming together to put up the walls of Brown's house, when this thing happened, and in a few days more he would have been living under his own roof. But now, what could Tidd do if Brown and his wife should leave him?

This question came to the mind of every one, but even Tidd himself could not answer it. He seemed dreadfully lost and alone when thinking of it and trying to answer it. It was now that Mary came, like a blessed angel, to his relief. In her own great bereavement it seemed to her as if she could fully understand his feelings, and she went to him, and with touching tenderness offered to be a servant to him, and to care for his little ones. "I have myself been bereft," she said. "God laid His hand very heavily on me; so heavily that I now live without a desire, except to bring happiness to others, and above all to others whom He has so deeply afflicted. There need be no scandal, for Martha will come with me. She loves dearly our cottage and will be delighted to live with me there. If it will be a help to you—if you wish it, we will come, and, for a time at least, take care of your house and your little ones."

The young man was too overcome to make an immediate reply. Mary was in point of refinement greatly superior to himself, and to the loved wife he had lost, and he could hardly realize, at first, that she was in earnest. When he saw that she really meant what she said, he would have grasped her hands and poured out his thanks, had not timidity prevented him. He dared not make so free with such a woman as she. But he thanked her, in a broken way, and said,

"Of course, Miss Fletcher, I must provide for the children, somewhere, and—and—I *would* rather do it at home, if I can. But it seems as if it would be asking too much of you, to come and live there. I can't pay you, very well, I suppose you know."

"Nor would I take pay if you could. If you are *willing*, Mr. Tidd, that Martha and I shall come, I can say for my sister as well as for myself that we shall be glad to come. Aunt Huldah does not really need us, and we shall feel more comfortable there than here; at least until you can make some better arrangements."

"Oh, well, if you think you would really like to come, it puts a little different face on the matter. It would be a blessing to me, of course, to have you there;—such a blessing as I could never have hoped for!" and the young man's emotion prevented his saying more.

[To be continued.]

THE CONDEMNED SENTINEL.

A cold, stormy night in the month of March, 1807, Marshal Lefebvre, with twenty-seven thousand French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned by seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers, and these, together, with twenty or thirty thousand well-armed citizens, presented nearly double the force which could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels, for a desperate sortie from the garrison, made unawares, might prove calamitous.

At midnight Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advance line of pickets, it being only a narrow strip of land raised above the marshy flat, called the Peninsula of Nehrung. For more than an hour he paced his lonesome beat without hearing anything more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her toward his post.

"*Who comes there!*" cried a voice from the gloom.

"Heavens!" gasped Jerome, stopping and trembling from head to foot.

"*Who comes there?*" repeated the voice.

Jerome heard the click of the musket-lock, and he knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he had left. The relief had come while he had been absent.

"Friends with the countersign!" he answered, to the last call of the new sentinel.

He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the countersign, he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard. In a few hurried words he told his story, and had the officer been alone he might have allowed the matter to rest where it was, but there were others present, and when ordered to give up his musket he obeyed without a murmur and silently accompanied the officer to the camp, where he was put in irons.

On the following morning Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial under charge of having deserted his post. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story.

This he did in a few words, but the court could do nothing but pass sentence of death, but the members thereof all signed a petition praying that Jerome Dubois might be pardoned, and this petition was sent to the general of the brigade, and through him to the general of the division, by whom it was endorsed, and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to his soldiers almost to a fault, but he could not overlook so grave an error as that which had been committed by Dubois. The orders given to the sentinel had been very simple, and foremost of every necessity was the order forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved. To a certain extent the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those who at night were posted nearest the lines of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray-haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who presented it. "I am sure the man meant no wrong, and yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing—he ran the risk—he was detected—he has been tried and condemned. He must suffer!"

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the marshal cried quickly. "Should I see him and listen to one half his story, I might pardon him, and that must not be done. Let him die that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the day of his trial. The result of the interview with Marshal Lefebvre was made known to him, and he was not at all disappointed. He blamed no one, and was only sorry that he had not died upon the battle-field.

"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to his captain. I feel that I have done no crime that should leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand, and assured him that his name should be held in respect, fully understand his feelings, and she went to him, and with touching tenderness offered to be a servant to him, and to care for his little ones. "I have myself been bereft," she said. "God laid His hand very heavily on me; so heavily that I now live without a desire, except to bring happiness to others, and above all to others whom He has so deeply afflicted. There need be no scandal, for Martha will come with me. She loves dearly our cottage and will be delighted to live with me there. If it will be a help to you—if you wish it, we will come, and, for a time at least, take care of your house and your little ones."

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The captain took his hand, and assured him that his name should be held in respect.

Toward evening Pierre Vaillant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him; but he braced himself for the interview, and would have stood it like a hero, had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead. This tipped the brimming cup, and his tears flowed freely.

Pierre and Lisette knew not what to say. They wept and they prayed, and they would have willingly died for the noble fellow who had been thus condemned.

Later in the evening came a companion, who, if he lived, would at some time return to Jerome's boyhood home. First the condemned thought of his widowed mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister. And finally he thought of one—a bright-eyed maid—whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine—one whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"O, my dear friend!" he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell them a falsehood, but, if the thing is possible, let them believe I fell in battle."

His companion promised that he would do all he could, and, if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so faithfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear dishonor in the minds of those who had loved him in other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy, with driving sleet and snow, and at an early hour Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate. The place of execution had been fixed upon a low barren spot toward the sea, and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment. They had gained not more than half the distance, when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air, and very shortly an aide-de-camp came dashing to the side of the general of the brigade, with the cry:

"A sortie! A sortie! The enemy are out in force. Let this thing be stayed. The marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsula!"

In an instant all was changed in that division, and the brigadier general, who had temporary command, thundered forth his orders for his countermarch. The gloom was dissipated, and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the thoughts of the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard.

"Lead him back to the camp," replied the captain.

The direction was very simple, but the execution thereof was not to be so easy, for hardly had the words escaped the captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing directly toward them. The division was quickly formed into four hollow squares, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In Heaven's name," cried Jerome, "cut my bonds, and let me die like a soldier!"

The sergeant quickly cut the cord that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed toward the point where his own regiment was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about him for some weapon with which to arm himself, and presently he saw a Prussian officer not far off reeling in his saddle as though he had been wounded. With a quick bound he reached the spot, pulled the dying officer from his seat, and leaped into the empty saddle.

Dubois was fully resolved that he would sell his life on that day—sell it in behalf of France—and sell it as dearly as possible. But he was not needed where he was. He knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares; so he rode away, thinking to join the French cavalry, with whom he could rush into the deepest danger. Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Nehrung, he rode his horse in that direction, and when he reached it he found that he had not been mistaken. Upon a slight eminence toward Hagelsberg the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry; and already with shot and shell immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after this battery had been opened, and very quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take the battery," he said to a colonel of cavalry, "and the battle is ours."

Dubois heard the order and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; and, determined to be the first at the fatal battery, he kept as near to the leader as he dared. Half the distance had been gained, when from the hill came a storm of iron that ploughed into the ranks of the French. The colonel fell, his body literally torn in pieces by a shell that exploded against his person.

The point upon the peninsula now reached by the head of the assaulting column was not more than a hundred yards wide, and it was literally a plain of death, as the fire from twelve heavy guns was turned upon it. The colonel had fallen, and very soon three other officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader. The way was becoming blocked up with dead men and dead horses, and the head of the column stopped and wavered.

Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated place, saw this, and his heart throbbed painfully. If that column were routed and the Russian infantry charged over the head of the peninsula, the result might be calamitous.

But—see! A man in the uniform of a French private, mounted upon a powerful horse caparisoned in the trappings of a Prussian staff officer, with his head bare, and a bright sabre swinging in his hand, rushes to the front and urges the column forward. His words are fiery and his look is dauntless.

"For France and for Lefebvre!" the strange horseman cries, waving his sword aloft and pointing toward the battery. "The Marshal will weep if we lose this day!"

The brave troopers, thus led by one who feared not to dash forward where the shot fell thickest, gave an answering shout and pressed on, caring little for the ruin of death, so long as they had a living leader to follow. Hoping that he might take the battery, and yet courting death, Jerome Dubois spurred on; and finally the troop came upon the battery with irresistible force.

It was not in the power of the cannoniers to withstand the shock, and the Russian infantry that came to their support were swept away like chaff. The battery was quickly captured, and when the guns had been turned upon those who had shortly before been their masters, the fortune of the day was decided. The Russians and the Prussians—horse, foot and dragoons—such as were not taken prisoners, made the best of their way back into Dantzic, having lost much more than they had gained.

Jerome Dubois returned to the guard-house, and gave himself up to the officer in charge. First a surgeon was called to dress several slight wounds which he had received. Next his colonel was called to see what should be done with him. The colonel applied to the general of brigade, and the general of brigade applied to the general of division, and the general of division applied to Marshal Lefebvre.

"What shall we do with Jerome Dubois?"

"God bless him!" cried the general veteran, who had heard the whole story, "I'll pardon him to-day and to-morrow I'll promote him!"

And Jerome Dubois, in time, went himself to see the loved ones in France, and when he went he wore the uniform of a captain.

—*Selected.*

☞ Marriage, or engagements to marry, should not be entered into insonsiderately. If the old axiom that haste makes waste is true as applied to the ordinary affairs of life, it may be said that undue haste often results in unspeakable misery in matrimonial alliances. Love is proverbially blind; he is more—he is willfully blind and should be made to open his eyes. A little commonsense mingles advantageously with everything; so far from being out of place, it is absolutely essential to safety in affairs of the heart. Many a girl has had her whole happiness for life destroyed because she obstinately chose to form her estimate of the character of a suitor exclusively by his behavior towards her, and his professions of love, rather than by his conduct towards others. It is a pretty safe rule that a man whose whole life is but an exemplification of selfishness will not long continue generous in relation to his wife. Character is seldom revolutionized by marriage. There may be a slight reform temporarily; it rarely lasts long. And men suffer as well as women from ill assorted marriages. Many a towering ambition has been crushed, many a cupful of happiness has been converted into the dregs of bitterness, from the neglect of a young man to become thoroughly acquainted with a girl before engaging himself to her.

TWICE BURIED.

What I am about to relate, incredible as it may seem, is perfectly true, and occurred some years ago on board a ship in which I was then serving my time. We were thirty-five or forty days from home, had crossed the line, and were getting the first of the southeast trades, when our second mate began to break down. He had joined the vessel in bad health, but seemed to get better on the tropics; and now again he felt himself gradually sinking. There was no doctor on board, our ship not carrying passengers that voyage; but it was easy to see he was in a rapid decline. How sorry we all were! Everybody liked him—a kind considerate officer; a cool, skillful seaman, somewhat reserved perhaps, but not cold; never asking any one to perform a disagreeable or dangerous duty without l